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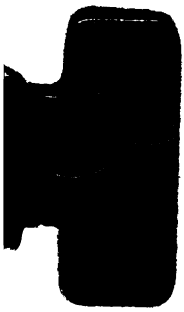

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MEMORIES OF ITALIAN SHORES

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MEMORIES

OF

ITALIAN SHORES

By MENA C. PFIRSHING

Beckoned at sunrise by the surf's white hand,
I have strayed down to sit upon the beach,
And hear the oratio of the Sea.
—E. R. SILL.

CHICAGO:
Printed at The Dial Press
1895

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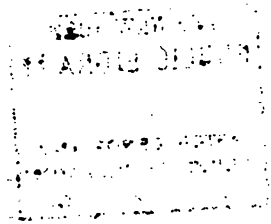

To the three who traveled with me,
one in spirit and two in truth,
this book is Dedicated by the author.

M. C. P.

Chicago, 1895.

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FOREWORD.

Italia! oh, Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame.
Oh, God! that thou wert in thy nakedness
Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress.

— BYRON.

ITALIA is a mysterious blue lotus blossom, exhaling a subtle fragrance from an amethystine sea as blue as herself, but of a different shade. The aroma of the flower as it "pervades everywhere" is, however, not a narcotic lulling men to sleep, but a fierce intoxicant inciting them to battle. Small matter if, now and then, shining petals be broken away, for a marvelous recuperative power in the heart of the lily herself restores them again.

For centuries she has been wave-kissed, sun-kissed, moon-kissed, star-kissed, while above her has stretched the reverent blue baldachino of the sky; and for centuries the human race has longed to pluck her and possess her.

At a time when men were descended from gods,

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Æneas sailed from the east over the sapphire crescent of the Middle Sea, with Troy at the nearer horn of it and Rome at the farther, visiting Sicily and Africa on the way, just like the modern traveler.

Centuries later, this time from the west, a powerful host crossed the Apennines, and after a devastating war demanded a thousand pounds of gold. While it was being weighed the Romans suspected treachery, and became so loud in their accusations that the Gaulish king threw his sword into the balance, crying: "Væ Victis!"—"Woe to the conquered!"

Then Hannibal swore a mighty oath that Italy should be his. Starting from the south and making a *détour*, he scrambled over the Alps followed by sixty thousand men, and thirty-seven elephants, which, not being exactly past grand masters in the art of mountain-climbing, went where all good pachyderms go, taking half the army with them. The men were easily replaced, for Cadmus was still sowing dragon's teeth, and soldiers sprang out of the ground.

Then the Goth, with the constant home-hunger for the south born in every northerner, marched over pathless Europe with his wife—not wives—his children, his runes, his wooden gods, his minstrel, and his love of liberty, until he reached the land of perpetual sunshine, constant crops, and blood-red Fondian wine. His request for land was denied him, his wife insulted, his

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children sold into slavery; so, seizing Thor's hammer, he gave it one mighty swing above his head, and with all the force of primitive strength dealt the worn-out Roman aristocracy such a crack upon the head that it toppled over, and Theodoric the really Great sat upon the throne of the Cæsars. For thirty-five years this barbarian kept peace in Italy, teaching what the north-wind in his blood had made him feel — that the conscience should be free. While the Goth reigned, the blue lotus blossom renewed her beauty.

Then Charlemagne took his trip to Italy, and possessed himself of two crowns, one of iron and one of gold, concentrating in himself all the ancient power of the Romans.

A successor of his did not fare so well, for this one's journey was a penance. The wheel of fortune had turned a little, and as Rome's power increased Germany's diminished. Henry the Fourth, his faithful wife Bertha, their young son, and a few attendants, passed in the depths of winter over Mont Cenis, not under it. In their hands they held sharp-pointed Alpenstocks surmounted by the cross; the women were often let down over slippery precipices in ox-hide baskets, while their horses, with feet tied together, had to be hauled by ropes over the glaciers. Foot-sore, hungry, and almost frozen, the imperial party reached Canossa, only to be told by Hildebrand that the Holy

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Roman Emperor must, in spite of his title, don a hair shirt, uncover his feet, and stand for three days in the snow of the ecclesiastical garden, before he could be forgiven for disobedience. The scarlet dictated to the purple in those days!

Francis the First, of France, tired of hunting and hawking, tired of love intrigues, tired especially of importing artists from Italy, thought it might be a wise speculation to take the country. He was taken himself at Pavia by puissant Charles the Fifth, who added Italy to the rest of his kingdom "upon which the sun never set." His motto was, "More Beyond," and it lured him into a monastery to find it.

Napoleon, too, crossed the Alps, "drank to the depths the cup of fame at Marengo, and became drunken, taking time to become sober at St. Helena." Later the proud Austrian clanked his victorious sword over the pavement of St. Mark's Square in Venice.

But Mars was not sole ruler in Italy, for the latter had a soul as well as a body, and her inward life went on in spite of invasions, in spite of the shock of battle, in spite of the cry for spoils. The graceful Muses and their lovely mother Mnemosyne, who still blesses every traveler quietly but surely, held sway. The arts indigenous or those easily rooted in receptive soil grew and flourished constantly; and to-day Italy's lovely length from Monte Rosa to Vesuvius is full of intense inter-

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est to the traveler, be he a lover of the ancient, the mediæval, or the modern.

There the artist and the poet can dream, and, dreaming, find all the latent impulses of their highest and best powers quicken and grow into color and song. There the student of painting, of sculpture, of architecture, is thrilled in his inmost soul, while the best the world has produced in "the arts that hold one another by the hand" becomes his forever by a miracle of Memory.

There the priest, the moralist, the politician, the historian, the botanist, can each enrich himself with might, and there the lover of nature may "prepare to meet his God," for the lotus blossom has renewed all her petals and shimmers now with unusual lustre.

So many books have already been written about the Land of Blue that an additional one does not seem necessary; but as no two travelers have the same point of view, there is still a possibility that this humble sheaf laid at Italy's glorious shrine may attract the attention of a few lovers of her beauty.

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MEMORIES OF ITALIAN SHORES.

CHAPTER I.

Mariners, rouse ye! anchors are riding,
The sails are spread tense, and the compass is guiding.
Dear heart, again,
Though parting is pain,
Farewell, for the morning breath ripples the main.
GERMAN FOLK-SONG (TR. BY J. S. PARK).

I WAS born in the northern part of a prairie State, where the sun rises from a flat surface, fortunately of water, and sets in a flat surface of land. From year to year my horizon on the land side has become more and more contracted, until now it ends in a modern tower of Babel that has not the grace to desire heaven like its prototype, but only to scrape it. An occasional pink cloud floating high in the sky is the only reminder that somewhere the sun is setting, but its splendor is not for me.

As a child I always missed something in my level environment; and pictures of mountains, and especially pictures of the sea, with its "margin of mystery," exerted a peculiar charm. I learned as I grew older that the longing so often felt for the unattainable was the result of near heredity, and that my parents had enjoyed in their youth what was denied to mine.

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To go back then to my other home had been my heart's constant desire; and in the early spring of the year 1893, phenomenal as to weather, I stood on the deck of the "Kaiser Wilhelm II." bound for Genoa, thus reversing the voyage that Columbus so often dreamed of. My husband Josephus and our fifteen-year-old son, the American Boy, were my companions.

We had just come up from our state-room, where I had found an immense bunch of "American Beauty" roses, the gift of a home friend whose husband's visit to New York made the charming attention possible. With the flowers' oriental fragrance in my nostrils, I watched the passengers drive up to the wharf, jump from cab or carriage, and rush up the gang-plank exclaiming, "Oh, we were sure the steamer had left! It is past ten o'clock!" The morning was very foggy. All the ferryboats were behind time in landing passengers at Hoboken, and drivers of vehicles did not dare urge their horses for fear of collisions. At the hour for starting very few tourists had arrived, our party being amongst the first, as we had spent the previous night near the Bremen Company's slip.

The wharf was covered with an excited group of men and women, assembled to bid farewell to departing friends; for no matter how often ships may come and ships may go, the interest connected with the coming and going is profoundly touching and never absent.

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Messages were called back and forth, flowers were tossed through the air, eagerly caught, and in some cases kissed; but in all that crowd of upturned eager faces, some gay, some sad, some tear-stained, there was not one that would have welcomed a blossom from me.

Rather sober, I walked to the water-side of the ship to say *Ade* to my native land, and at her altar I dropped a rose. While watching it quietly float away, I heard my name called, and turning — behold! a friend! Her arms were stretched out, and one hand held a bunch of violets. We rushed together and the purple thoughts were mine.

Mrs. R. was visiting friends at Flushing, had heard of our departure, and hurried to the dock, all excitement, too, for fear she was late. There was little time for conversation, so we walked back to my former place. Our friend ran down the gang-plank, and took her station as near the edge of the wharf as she dared. An "American Beauty" floated down to her and was deftly caught. Over its green flame-budded length there sped toward me a parting kiss. My one remaining wish was fulfilled.

At last the steamship held her burden, drew a mighty breath,—and lived! The band played "Leb wohl du theures Land das mich geboren" — "Farewell thou dearest land where I was born,"—and a "red, red rose" became the burning signal that wafted us a fragrant farewell.

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As the fog was still quite dense, most of the passengers descended to the dining-room to write letters and postals to be taken back by the pilot-boat, and others went at once to their staterooms. It was in ours that I found numerous "steamer letters" so highly prized by every ocean traveler. In one of them was fastened a "friendship ring," a circle of tiny blue forget-me-nots with a disc attached bearing the words "Bon Voyage," and the giver said: "When you find the end of the ring you will find the end of my love."

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CHAPTER II.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I'm where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.
— BARRY CORNWALL.

FOR several days the weather could appropriately be called "nahsty," and every woman but one, and I was not that one, retired to the privacy of her cabin. Josephus and the A. Boy paid me visits of condolence, and finally the former insisted upon helping me on deck. Here a steamer chair, fresh air, and a half globe of grape-fruit daintily presented on a pretty china plate by a young man, a new friend of the A. Boy's, fortunately righted the reversed order of nature.

As the steamer bent her course more and more to the south, as the winds became warmer and the waters quieter, the staterooms gave up — not their dead — but those who had wished themselves so, and had lived to repent it.

Away and away from the ship rushed the waves, breaking into white foam lined with delicate sea-green, and from every one a breath of spray leaped up to be-

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come a tiny rainbow by the magic of the sun. The ocean was a sapphire world of water. I had never dreamed of such depth and intensity of blue. Then and ever after the particular shade of color found in the heart, not on the surface, of a velvet sapphire gem intoxicated me as had always before fine strains of the violin.

On the sixth day out we reached the Azores. Our jolly German captain invited some of the women and children up on the bridge, to enjoy the green and precipitous banks of the islands. The waves ran high, and struck at one another and at the rocky shore. The wind blew out from land laden with the subtly exquisite odor of many plants. Gulls flew toward our masts with quick wing-flap, and then floated slantwise through the live blue air on steady pinion, without moving a feather on their pearl-white cigar-shaped bodies. With my glass I looked straight into the brilliant eye of one of these sea-birds — a black gem set in a golden ring. Ships dipped their flags to ours, ours dipped a signal back. Leaning over the railing of our elevated perch I thought of Heine, his love for the sea, his wonderful way of telling it, and of the futility of trying to do him justice in English:

"A bird comes flying out of the west,
He flies toward the east
Toward his eastern garden home,
Where spices exhale and grow,

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Where palms rustle and fountains cool.
And flying, the wonderful bird sings —
She loves him! she loves him!
She carries his image in her heart,
And carries it sweetly and secretly
And knows it not herself.
But in a dream he stands before her;
She prays and weeps and kisses his hands,
And calls his name,
And calling she awakes and lies affrighted,
And wonderingly she presses her beautiful eyes —
She loves him! she loves him!

"I stood leaning against the main-mast
And heard the bird's song.
Like dark green horses with silver manes,
Upreared the white curling waves.
Like rows of swans passed by the shining Helgolanders,
Those keen Nomads of the North Sea.
Above me in the eternal blue
Fluttered white clouds,
And the eternal sun flamed
A rose in the heaven,
That mirrored herself blissfully in the sea.
The heaven, the sea, and my own heart
Rang out in a chorus —
She loves him! she loves him!"

As we left the islands, I told the A. Boy the following story: Once Heine lay on the edge of a ship and looked with dreamy eyes into the water clear as crystal. He gazed down deeper and deeper until he saw, at first wreathed in mist but afterwards clearer and clearer, domes and spires of churches, and suddenly, fair

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as day, an ancient Flemish city, alive with people. Thoughtful men dressed in long black cloaks, white ruffs, and long gold chains around their necks, wearing long swords and long faces, were walking over the crowded market-place toward the high parliament house, where marble emperors with sceptre and sword kept watch. Not far away, before long rows of houses, with polished windows and pyramid-shaped lindens, walked young women dressed in rustling silks, having slender forms, and flower-like faces daintily framed in black lace that covered luxuriant golden hair. Cavaliers richly dressed in Spanish costumes strode proudly by and saluted the maidens. Old women in faded brown garments, with missals and rosaries in their hands, hurried along with trembling steps to the cathedral, lured by the sound of bells and the tumultuous tones from the organ. Heine looked and looked, bending ever deeper and deeper toward the water, for in the window of a high-gabled house he saw a sweet little friend of the long ago. If the captain had not suddenly caught him by the foot he would most certainly have joined her.

This story did I tell to the A. Boy, as we sailed over the sun-lit Atlantic. But he, caring naught for singers and their dreams and visions, only remarked, "I am going to have my curls cut off. A young fellow on the steamer asked me if I intended to be a poet or a fiddler."

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CHAPTER III.

A garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God: every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot if he will do that—to learn them and join them, and then to go on reading and reading. You do not know what beautiful thoughts grow out of the ground and talk to a man.—JERROLD.

ON the tenth day we were awakened by the usual reveille — a blast from a bugle blown by a lusty young German—at the unusual hour of five o'clock. When we reached the deck we beheld the extremities of two continents, for there were the Atlas mountains on one side and Gibraltar on the other. The harbor was full of fishing-boats, coal barges for the "Kaiser," and vessels from every part of the world. The sloping side of Gibraltar outlined in yellow and pale-blue houses against a background of vivid green, an old Moorish fortress, a bell tower, and the signal station with its fluttering pennons high up in the air, looked very foreign in the early morning mist. Soon the sun came peering over the tops of the hills, and his old face took on a new look to me. I had never seen him rise from behind anything before. Two tenders transferred the passengers through smooth green water to land. The air was mild, the boats were swift, and as we neared the shore, and everything with the help of the sun and

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diminishing distance came out more boldly and clearly, it was a sight that appealed to me very strongly after—the prairie city.

We were met at once upon landing by dark-eyed boys and men with dainty baskets of fine strawberries, and bunches of roses, violets, and carnations. Their voices were soft and melodious, the sighing of the south wind was in them, and often the pose while offering their wares was grace itself.

Tiny donkeys with jingling bells about their mouse-colored necks, and laden with heavy panniers of fresh vegetables, marched sedately along followed by tiny owners, who kept a wary eye upon their moving markets. The A. Boy was intensely pleased with the novel sight, and made serious reflections as to the lot of Gibraltar boys, so different from his own.

Arabs, Moors, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen met us at every turn, for this "Pillar of Hercules" harbors all nations. The women were, many of them, of a fine type. One had her oval face and olive complexion idealized by a soft creamy handkerchief, which was rolled away from dark brown hair dressed well above a low forehead, and then tied in a smooth bow underneath the chin. Her eyes had pathos enough in them for a picture of the Mater Dolorosa. Mino of Fiesole, had he been a painter, would have loved to

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paint this face in its white frame. Adorned by a background of purest gold, men would have prayed to it.

Some "Kaiser" friends joining us, we hired a pretty brown phaeton with white linen-covered seats, and soon we were speeding up the hill street which contains the principal shops. In the doorway of one of them a great fat Turk, a regular blue or black-beard, sat comfortably stretching out his bare feet. Purple was his robe, gay were the rugs he had for sale, and beady shone his eyes as he fancied he saw in us women possible customers, but we passed him by. Up, up the hill we went, and then we saw the gardens—and such gardens! Callas, Easter lilies—St. Joseph's lilies my Episcopalian friend called them—roses, the finest varieties I had seen only in hothouses, palms, orange trees laden with fruit, cacti crawling over tall trees or forming hedges, heliotrope, carnations, geraniums, in one wild profusion, regardless of succession of seasons. Even the meadows were shining with daisies large as silver dollars, and much more beautiful. Tropical luxuriance everywhere, united with the coolness of the morning air, almost persuaded me I was seeing a vision. Had it not been for the "divine harmony of scents" in the atmosphere I should have thought it all unreal. But dreams and sweet perfumes can exist together, for—

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"Angels with lily breath
And glowing rose-hearts, bend to us beneath
Once more and brim us with delight
In the soft stillness of the night!"

Next we saw the fortifications. Cannon bristling over the ramparts, "red-coats" making brilliant artistic spots amidst the green, soldiers drilling, and more cannon peering grimly from tunnels in old Gibraltar herself. With a fleet in the harbor, no power on earth can wrest the "Rock" from England. I hardly realized how Victoria watches Africa until that morning.

A rattle down the hill and a short drive brought us to "Spanish Town," and never was difference between Teuton and Kelt so marked as between it and the English town we had just seen. The streets were narrow and dirty, and a poor excuse for a bull-ring and some emaciated horses tried in vain to deny the fact that the age of chivalry had passed away.

Once more at the wharf we purchased strawberries and roses to take back to the "Kaiser," most of the men having blithely invested in good and exceedingly cheap tobacco. A swift dash on the tender through beryl-green water, and we were on shipboard again, ready for breakfast, having seen more of the world and its people in three hours than I had before thought possible.

Everybody carried flowers. One woman had bought

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a queer net-work pannier full of radishes, turnips, artichokes, and oranges — red, white, green, yellow. She topped them with a bunch of spicy pinks, and hung her artistic treasure by its long pliant handle against the ship's white side. It staid there all day long, a refreshing sight and a graceful reminder of our visit to land.

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CHAPTER IV.

My soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.
—LONGFELLOW.

FOR hours we now rode in full view of the south coast of Spain, with its snow-capped Sierra Nevada range. Ships came in sight and disappeared "where sea and sky do but seem to meet." Porpoises lived in the air long enough to describe a diamond-dripping curve, or sped through the water as fast as the ship itself, and the A. Boy lost his hat while watching them, as he was more out of the boat than in.

Toward evening a slanting path of golden rings married us to the sky. Just above the horizon line there was a wide rim of saffron light, and a bark with every white sail spread out to catch the faint breeze blowing over the Mediterranean was as sharply outlined against it as if etched on a burnished amber curtain. So still was the tableau, and so long did it last, that it hangs in my mental picture gallery as fresh as when I first saw it. Above were dark clouds, and higher still the sun was lining with silver and primrose a bank of mist

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that prevented his setting in full glory. It was an eclipse in color.

The next day we sailed along the Balearic Islands,— Majorca, Minorca, and Iviza. Looking at them from time to time as they decorated the bosom of the sea, three dewy purple blossoms, I read aloud to Josephus the words that George Sand wrote while living on the greater one and nursing Chopin. "An immense ensemble, infinite details, inexhaustible variety, blended forms, sharp contours, dim vanishing depths — all are present, and art can suggest nothing further. Majorca is one of the most beautiful countries of the world for the painter and one of the least known. It is a green Helvetia, under the sky of Calabria, with the solemnity and silence of the Orient."

The "Kaiser," fortunately for us, was a day late. I say fortunately, for had we been on time, we should have passed the "Riviera" at night. At one o'clock on the twelfth day the Mediterranean was a picture and we were a part of it, for our ship, painted white, was sailing, so quietly! on an ocean painted blue of the very shade I had always loved in music.

Where the sun shone on it, spangles that glistened like new silver dipped up and disappeared, dipped up and disappeared as if some mermaid had gathered them out of her dripping hair, and thrown them out on the water to tempt us to follow in her train. But

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we had eyes only for the land, as our noble steamer, without a quiver in her whole graceful length, was floating within a mile of the most picturesque scenery in the world.

Yachts with parti-colored sails, yachts with sails white as wool shading a fisherman wearing a red Phrygian cap, stood out from the shore in a crescent-shaped row. They had started simultaneously from the beach of sun-soaked lucent sand, where row-boats were resting. Back of them, pale pink, tender mauve, creamy white, sulphur yellow, and now and then brilliant scarlet villas, were set in palm gardens like a string of cameos, clear-cut and opalescent on a ground of emerald green, forming the towns of Cannes, Nice, Mentone, Ventimiglia, San Remo, Savona, Varozze, and Voltri. Farther away, and sheltering the beautiful shore, were offshoots of the Alps and the Apennines, sometimes hooded with snow, sometimes touched by clouds. The sky resting on the mountains, the mountains hastening down the land to greet the sea, the sea stretching out in a sunny blue smile of welcome all about our ship, was a never-to-be-forgotten sight, and I doubted whether the whole of Europe could give me anything more inspiring than had been this my first ocean voyage.

All the afternoon we rode opposite a constant repetition of supremest beauty, and finally at seven o'clock

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we saw the lights of Genoa and sailed calmly into her superb harbor.

Up, up the heights ran spots of yellow fire, and down, down again until they trembled into the gulf, making a duplicated illumination with their kaleidoscopic waverings in the water. Bells answered one another from a semicircle of hills, a new crescent hung in the quiet evening sky with a brilliant star companion; our faithful musicians played "Kennst du das Land wo die Zitronen blühen?"—"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?"—and I went into a quiet part of the ship, for I felt that I should never be "less alone."

Here I was found by the "Happy Man," who had pitied all the sick passengers, joked with all the well ones, played with all the children, and had offered to invest the spare cash any of the travelers might have left after their trip to Europe, as he thoroughly understood the loan-broker's trade. His indignation toward the men who would bet on the daily speed of the ship knew no bounds.

He was anxious to say "good-bye," and present me with his business card, informing me at the same time that "the passengers of the Kaiser Wilhelm II. were the finest lot of people he had ever met." When I asked him "why?" he replied: "Because not one of them has hurt my tender feelings toward England nor

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said a word against her glorious queen." "But, Mr. Mac Gilvray," said I, "I thought you were an American." "No, madam," he answered, "I am a Canadian, and I owe allegiance only to my gracious sovereign, Alexandrina Victoria," and with that this loyal man made me a sweeping bow and disappeared.

We met him again at Genoa, and when I inquired where he was going next he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Straight to Pi-sa," with such a lengthening out of the first syllable of that pretty word that I have ever since connected him with a bakery.

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CHAPTER V.

We came to Italy. I felt
  A yearning for its sunny sky;
My very spirit seem'd to melt,
  As swept its first warm breezes by.
From lip and cheek a chilling mist,
  From life and soul a frozen rime,
By every breath seem'd softly kiss'd—
  God's blessing on its radiant clime!
—N. P. WILLIS.

WHEN the gang-plank was once more run out, the first one to mount it was our captain's wife, holding a great bunch of flowers in her hand. She kissed her husband on both his rosy cheeks, then covered his face with her fragrant Italian flora.

It was quite late before all the passengers and their baggage became acquainted again in the custom house. The confusion was indescribable, and we found it next to impossible to identify our trunks in the dim lamp-light. With the help of the A. Boy's sharp eyes our baggage was finally arrayed upon a counter, opened, and displayed before an inquisitive inspector's gaze. The following conversation then ensued:

"Avez-vous du tabac, monsieur?"

"Oui, monsieur," truthfully replied Josephus. To

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the fierce demand, "Ou est-il?" my husband meekly took his last Gibraltar cigar — three for ten cents, and excellent — out of his vest pocket and held it up.

"Est-ce tout, monsieur?"

"C'est tout, monsieur."

The polite Italian was so angry he slammed down the cover of my trunk in which he had been grubbing for tobacco, and almost left in it a piece of the official thumb. I thought he would certainly confiscate that cigar and smoke it himself before our very eyes; but he breathed hard, chalked our trunks, and tried to forget us.

One man who was traveling with his wife and maid confessed to a half-box of cigarettes. Commanded, in an authoritative voice, to deliver up his contraband goods, he appealed to the maid for the keys. After a long search the poor thing found them tightly clasped in her left hand, but she was so frightened she could not remember in which one of her mistress's many boxes the cigarettes had been smuggled.

I had occasion to think of this distressed group many times afterward, for Italy is cursed with local duty, and at every city we entered the same question was propounded: "Avez-vous du tabac, monsieur?" Be very sure it was "Non, monsieur," in every case, for Italian tobacco never reminds one of Habana. If a

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private individual raises any, every stalk is entered in a book, and a soldier guards the plants night and day, so that no leaves be surreptitiously removed.

Late as it had become, I was anxious to send a cablegram to the Student and the Knight, two other American Boys, now separated from us by the ocean, who were no doubt anxiously wondering why our steamer had not arrived. Josephus found me a chair, and went to the window of the "Ufizio Telegrafico di Telegramma" to write out the message. When he brought it to me I suggested an alteration, so he went back and changed the form by drawing his pen through two words and adding others. Presenting it once more, the official explained that no altered cablegrams were accepted. The first edition was therefore crumpled up, dropped on the floor, and a second one written. Imagine my surprise at finding the former, months afterward, in my own home. It had been rescued, smoothed out, and sent by mail to the Student whose name it bore. Accompanying it was the following note written in the most exquisite hand it has ever been my lot to see:

Mr. . . . .

Sir :—I happened to find near the offices of this custom house the inclosed written sheet addressed to you.

I do not know if the telegraphic expedition has been effectuated. I believe yes, but in order to make an agreeable thing perhaps to you I send you the above written sheet.

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Keep it as a token of great esteem from an Italian toward Americans.

I salue you,

VISCONTI EMANUELE.

GENOA (at Custom House),
26th April, 1893.

As soon as I had read this note I wrote our unknown friend a letter of thanks for his kindness, taking the opportunity at the same time to tell him how we had enjoyed his native land. In a few months the following answer came:

Madame:—I have been found, and consequently your letter duly reached me. The address and the seal revealed to me that it was from the respectable—family that I was favored with a kind writing. Indeed you have been very good. But I must beg your pardon if I did not hasten to make me alive (as we Italians say); it is true that late is better than never, however, I made a break of politeness, and neglected for a moment my duty. I ought to have remembered an ancient proverb, a very sage though a little old saying, that entering the slackening path we always find an oblivious ditch, or by the street of By-and-By we come at last to the house of Never. Then, only then, should I have been able to avoid misdoing, that is giving perhaps a great offence to a noble heart like yours. Will you allow me to think and hope that I shall obtain forgiveness?

I return you many thanks for the pleasure you gave me with your letter. I read it many times, and the more I perused it the more I was persuaded that plenty of thoughtfulness and kindness was on your part.

I am very glad to know that your voyage and the following travel were occasioned only by a feeling of amusement. I wish

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you may enjoy now and ever all that — of beautiful, rich, and healthsome — can this world afford. I wish you may find happiness, that happiness that seems always denied to man's estate, and only granted to meaner creatures, like butterflies, birds, etc.

The fine epithets with whom you call my land make me very proud, and prove to me once more that woman never fails to be the queen of goodness and sentiment. I reply to you if Italy is a garden, America is the land of power and greatness.

May it please to heaven that the day you and your family shall come back to Italy, be not too future. I should like to be soon gratified meeting you on the harbor of "La Superba" and present you my respects, and put myself at your service.

Here inclosed I send my photography, which I doubt will correspond to the appearance you perhaps spoke of.

I am, Madam,

Your very humble servant,

VISCONTI EMANUELE.

GENOVA, *the 23rd of March, 1894*

The "photography" showed a dark-haired Italian with a very good face and a thoughtful pair of eyes; just such a young man as would be interested to know that another young man across the water had heard from his father. The picture and the correspondence have only served to increase the warmth of my feeling towards Italy.

But to go back to the custom house at Genoa. The cablegram "effectuated," we drove through the dark and narrow streets of the city to our hotel. Here two spacious rooms with beautifully decorated ceilings and bare walls — as I found next morning — engulfed us,

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for there was only light near our candles. When the pretty maid lit them and said as she left the room, "Bonne nuit, monsieur et madame," I turned to "monsieur" and exclaimed: "At last I am in Europe, and behold! the tallow candles of my youth!" But "monsieur" was enjoying a small pitcher of hot water as he insisted that his side-whiskers, his one weakness, were dusty. I laughed at the idea of dust, for certainly there had been none on the ocean. Perhaps there might have been some in the custom house. The language used there was strong enough to raise almost anything!

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CHAPTER VI.

The year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn:
Morning 's at seven;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled;
The lark 's on the wing;
The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in His heaven —
All 's right with the world.
— BROWNING.

"GOD save the King" woke us up the next morning, for it was Umberto's silver wedding day, and all over Genoa's tinted palaces there were massed such floods of color that it set one all aglow with pleasure. The tall houses, close together as cells of the honeycomb, were draped with Italy's red, white, and green, a cross in the centre-field; Genoa's own flag, pure white with a crimson cross — the coat-of-arms of the Genoese Republic, its standard when sent to fight the infidel,— and the flags of all her guilds. Squads of wiry little mountaineers (sharpshooters), with a shock of cock's feathers blowing over their hats and into their black eyes, hurried along to their rendezvous, and groups of other *soldati* gave the streets a very martial look.

"Plenty of noise and of screaming was on Genoa's part," too, for it is a commercial town, and every man,

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woman, and child seemed to have something for sale. Merchandise is hauled about in vehicles drawn by strong mules harnessed tandem. The streets are narrow and there is great danger of collisions at corners, so drivers have a peculiar cry to warn one another. In every Italian city the cry is different, but nowhere is it quite so diabolical as at "La Superba."

Genoa's cathedrals did not interest me very much, but I remember two things in them with exceeding pleasure. One was a sweet little hooded figure of Santa Barbara, ascribed to Raphael, in the church of the Annunziata; and the other was the carved chair in which Paganini sat when he played the violin in the church of San Lorenzo.

As an enthusiastic friend had told us not to fail to go to the Campo Santo, we hired a cab and started. The cab horses of Italy ought to have a chapter to themselves, for they are gay creatures. Bells jingle all over their harness, tall feathers stand brilliantly erect between their ears, and long fox brushes hang down on either side of their faces. They were a never failing source of delight to the A. Boy, who made friends at once with the drivers, and always had possession of the long-lashed whip.

On our way to the cemetery we met "Kaiser Wilhelm" acquaintances, who saluted us gaily as we swiftly passed, for no Italian drives slowly unless especially re-

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quested to do so. We also sped past women washing in great troughs, dipping the clothes into cold water, slapping them vigorously on boards, and pounding them with a stone. Most of the façades of the palaces (?) on some streets were literally covered with the family linen and much red flannel. They look eminently picturesque—in paintings.

The Campo Santo was a genuine surprise. It is a cemetery built in long arcades; the dead are bedded under stone slabs, and at the head of these stand extremely ambitious monuments. Lace-trimmed dresses and jewelry cut out of finest Carrara made one sorry—for the Carrara. Surely "the marble waiteth" for some higher ideal than simply to perpetuate a fashion in clothes. One of the many tributes to Genoa's wealthy dead remains pleasantly in the memory. On white marble steps reclined a wonderful white marble woman, a bunch of marble poppies in her hand, and a marble tear on her cheek that I longed to brush away. Her figure was draped in simple classic folds, and the pose was dignified in its intense grief. Above, behind a pair of massive doors, her husband was barred away from her, and this was the only mausoleum not disfigured by tawdry black and white bead wreaths. While I was looking at it, two young women, prettily dressed, their heads covered with black lace veils, lit a lamp above a very simple stone, inscribed "Per mia padre."

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Then they went into an adjoining chapel, dipped their fingers into holy water, crossed themselves reverently before an altar on which great candles were burning, and said a prayer to rest their father's soul.

The covered burying ground is built around three sides of a garden, where roses red, roses white, and roses yellow, bloom in great fragrant fans, over long trellises; and in this God's Acre lie Genoa's poor. A simple cross and a luxuriance of blossoms define each grave. Every flower-covered hillock is provided with a glass globe holding a candle, and as this burns it becomes symbolical of the love that lit it. I shall never forget one mourning mother calling down into a mass of violets, begging her little girl to come up and kiss her just once more.

Back of the arcades, on a gentle slope, sleeps the patriot Mazzini. He lies in nature's cathedral, for the blue dome of a united Italy was thought the fittest arch to bend over him. There were no flowers on his grave, but an oak planted near was full of thrushes puffing out their tiny flutes in an ecstatic *chorale*, while the sunshine, as it glanced through the fluttering leaves, threw down lace-like shadows that wove back and forth over the sacred spot in tenderest benediction.

As the circle of the eighteenth century swept into perfection and the nineteenth century began its round, we notice the birth-years of many remarkable men, and very near the head of the list stands the name of Giu-

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seppe Mazzini. In letters of pearls on a spotless white page it will make a superb leaf in the world's history of freedom. As we stood near the little Doric temple inscribed with the name of one "who had loved Italy above all earthly things," we rejoiced that Mazzini lived long enough to see one flag floating over his native land, even if it was the triumph of a power with which he was not completely in harmony.

Driving back, we went to the house where, according to the Genoese, Columbus was born. The street in which it stands, called the *Borgo Lanajoli*, is so narrow that no wheels have ever disturbed it. We descended from our cab and walked forward into a dark passage lined with tall houses, and followed by a crowd of "human warious" who wished to act as guides. Choosing one and followed by all, we finally stood before the house that bears on a stone crest surmounted by a crown and shield, and guarded by two lions, the following: "No house better deserves an inscription. This is the paternal home of Christopher Columbus, where he passed his childhood and youth."

The great navigator was always troubled with rheumatism, and if, as a little boy, he played much in his ancestral street he certainly contracted the disease there, for I do not believe the sun ever shone into it, so high and so close together are the houses. No doubt they were built so in mediæval times as the greatest protection to the greatest number.

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Having now done our duty as sightseers, we felt free to enjoy ourselves, and so told our driver — to drive. It was the loveliest "blue forget-me-not weather" in the world. Around and around Genoa's beautiful hills we went, and the higher we rose the more fascinating roofs we had below us and the more gardens could we peep into. They were full of *pergolas* covered with grape-vines, running over with roses and hyacinths, and redolent with the odor of orange and lemon blossoms.

Finally we reached the topmost point, and this time we did not have to say "Fermate, fermate," for the driver stopped of his own accord. Far below us in the harbor thousands of tiny pennons were strung on sail and line in honor of King Humbert and Queen Marguerite. Our ocean steamer had decked herself with her own red, white, and black, America's red, white, and blue, and Italy's red, white, and green. Out in the radiant distance shone "Genoa's warm gulf," and as the sun flashed upon it it seemed as if

> "— every sea-god paid a gem
> Yearly out of his watery cell
> To deck great Neptune's diadem."

Small wonder that Genoa is the birth-place of a Mazzini, a Colombo, and a Paganini. With such a wide horizon, who would not be inspired to conquer worlds spiritual, worlds material, and worlds musical!

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CHAPTER VII.

O river dim with distance,
Flow thus forever by;
A part of my existence
Within your heart doth lie.
— LOWELL.

ONE man rang a bell, one man affirmed that we were "pronti-i" (ready), one man blew a cheerful note on a ram's horn, one man ordered "partenza-a-a" (go), the locomotive assented with a friendly shriek, and our train was ready to leave Genoa for Pisa.

The Italians have certainly inherited from the Romans the art of building good roads and walls, as their fine mason-work everywhere attests. The railroads are perfectly ballasted with small white stones. The embankments on either side, where there is danger of rain or mountain streams washing out hollows, are protected in the most substantial manner by well-built granite walls that defy criticism; and from one end to the other of Italy's rocky coast there are exhibited splendid feats of engineering skill.

We were in a compartment car and rode first-class. Having the good fortune to be alone, we could enjoy the sea on one side, or the glorious Apennines on the other with their terraced vineyards, gnarled olive slopes,

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and here and there, on some advantageous eminence, a monastery or ruined castle. I was dividing my attentions, when the train shot under a black archway, rumbled through a tantalizing length of Egyptian darkness, and as suddenly emerged upon the sun-bright gulf and a village of pink and yellow houses. These were clustered around a creamy duomo with its stately campanile, just like children about their mother's knee. We enjoyed the penetrating scent of roses and starry jasmine, caught a glimpse of a field of poppies so vividly red that the landscape seemed eloquent with a million fiery tongues, were absorbed once more by a hole in the mountains, only to flash out again upon another brilliant glimpse of blue sea, *lapis lazuli* sky, and gem-like towns.

This flitting from darkness to light and back again, changing from ink to the most lustrous paints in Nature's pigment box and the reverse, which took place not eight but eighty times, was a unique railroad ride not soon to be forgotten.

Once we saw a woman walking across a field with a stride a mountaineer might have envied. On her head rested unaided a classic copper jar full of water, or perhaps wine for the harvesters. So lightly did she tread, so rhythmical was the play of her limbs, so erect and noble her pose, so harmonious the whole ensemble, she seemed a visible song of Liberty. Certainly, if ever a

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woman was free from the trammels of ordinary femininity, that Italian peasant was the one.

It was almost twilight when we reached the half-asleep, quaintly curious, and wholly fascinating town of Pisa. We drove past palaces and churches, through broad, clean, cobble-stoned streets, to our hotel on the Lung 'Arno. When I found myself hanging out of the deep window seat of our pretty room, with its really charming furnishings, when I saw the Arno with its many bridges, and almost in front of me the tiny Gothic church of *Santa Maria della Spina* that I knew so well as black on white, and which had suddenly been transmuted into white on blue, I could only say: "Dreamest thou or art thou really in Italy, and lookest thou in very truth upon the Arno rippling along so quietly under its many arches, shining like a long tawny ribbon in the yellow of the setting sun?"

It was the Ave Maria hour, and the "beat o' the bronze" was in the air calling to prayer. The Lung 'Arno, crowded with people moving up and down the river's length and crossing its mediæval bridges, was also glad with flags that Humbert and Marguerite were their happily-married rulers. As it grew darker the legation buildings opposite sparkled all over with tiny red, white, and green lamps, whose prismatic reflections tinted the quiet Arno waters with long, long stains. Color, color everywhere, a special feast for me!

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There was sound, too, for mingled with the evening bells there floated up faint strains of martial music from the barracks probably, the clank of an officer's sword on the stone pavement, the just audible dip of an oar in the flowing river, the tuneful click-clack, clack-click of a pair of high wooden heels, the soft slipping of vowels over the lips of the passers-by.

Exhilarating odors drifted into our rooms from unseen gardens, for streets and sidewalks were one continuation of smoothly-worn square pieces of rock planted deep in the soil hundreds of years before, and giving not the tiniest rooting-place for spear of grass or fragrant flower.

Long, long we looked out of our casements, watching night slowly shake out fiery drops of wine from his overturned purple drinking-cup, enjoying the fragrant puffs of evening air, the alluringly foreign panorama, the difference between noisy self-asserting Genoa and this Pisa, content to be just an exquisitely-faded miniature of a once great beauty. Would I were looking at her now!

Watched over by four cupids festooned together from corner to corner of our chamber by long chains of nodding, sleep-drunken, pink and red poppies, we at last dreamed the dreams of the happy.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Fair Arno, while to me the mournful sound
Of vespers floats from all the Pisan bells,
And turn by turn my contemplation dwells
On silent hills and shores with quiet crowned,
My heart with thousand thoughts of glory swells—
Thine ancient glories which through Time resound,
When thine ensanguined tide ran blood, renowned
Through discords of the Tuscan citadels.
When I compare those first and loftier days
Of souls austere and true, to what I see
In this dull age that laughs, disdains, delays;
Better, I cry, thy movement fierce and free,
Than this vile tedium of our baser ways,
O free and fortunate Thirteenth Century!

— Enrico Panzacchi.

The next day was Sunday, and we started for church in good season. The almost deserted streets were lined with tall houses of a uniform style of architecture, having all the lower rows of windows barred as in warring days. Marble crests ornamented the tops of the doors. Metal serpents with their tails in their mouths or huge hammered-brass beasts' claws formed the knockers. Here and there a paved courtyard gave one a tempting receding view of a garden rioting in color —

"Where roses had taken fire on branches green"—

whence the odors we had already noticed.

An open square showed a marble fountain represent-

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ing a griffin with monstrous tail, out of whose ferociously harmless mouth poured innocent water. It was surrounded by girls and women. I stopped to look at them and admire their pattens. These were just a bright red, blue, or yellow leather vamp, that covered the instep and was fastened by shining tacks and a tiny strip of tin to a thick wooden sole, ending in a very high wooden heel.

How they laughed and chattered, and showed their hard white teeth, and their out-curving scarlet lips, these modern Rebeccas! How they compared slippers and kerchiefs! How they untwisted and twisted up again their straight black hair, transfixing it with a golden dagger, finally catching up two classic copper jars full of water, and running home with never a torn stocking to make them feel ashamed!

Over the same flagstones that once echoed to the steps of a blind old Italian astronomer and a high-minded young English poet as, arm-in-arm, they talked of the stars and of "Comus," we went, and ere long stood before the most unique exhibition of architecture that Italy can show united in one place.

Here in purest white marble dreamily carved against a curving background of flower-blue sky — for our "forget-me-not weather" was still with us — with hundreds of pillars and arches tier on tier, were the Tower that slants, the Cathedral leaning too, but so slightly

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that only the eye of a connoisseur can detect its interesting secret, the Baptistry with its finely-wrought pulpit, and the Campo Santo filled with consecrated earth from Mount Calvary.

Here, too, was a hideous figure dressed from crown to heel in a coarse dark robe, with a single hole near the top, backed by a gleaming black eye. An enormous rosary with beads big as bullets decorated its waist; it held a great flat straw hat in one hand closely pressed against its side, while shaking with the other a box in which rattled some copper coin. The thing ran toward us. I begged Josephus to appease it with *soldi*. This done, the apparition bowed like a Spanish cavalier and vanished. Under the brown covering was a brother of the Misericordia. He frightened me at first, but when I learned the history of his Order, full of all good and kind deeds at the bedside of the sick and dying, respect for the gruesome spectre "was on my part."

Entering the cathedral, I remembered that an examination of the Catholic almanac had shown the day to be "Jubilate" Sunday. The text was, "Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands" (Psalm lxvi., 1), and that is just what the organ was doing, filling the incense-laden air with upward swelling harmonies. Closing my eyes, I was instantly transported leagues and leagues away over land and sea. As the sense of hearing is only second to the sense of smell in vividly

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recalling past events, a startling mental picture of a church, guiltless of pillars, arches, and mosaics, but nevertheless full of organ music and the glory of God, rose before me. It was a precious home-going for a moment—and then I had eyes and ears only for Pisa's cathedral, an old basilica with nave and side aisles moving along like tones from violin and 'cello, black and white marble columns, the curious addition of a dome and an apse glowing with a pre-Raphaelite mosaic. Below it was the high altar, rich with marbles, and jeweled, especially with the gold-streaked *lapis lazuli*, and in front knelt rows upon rows of altar boys in scarlet dresses and white lace cottas.

The music ceased, and high up in a carved pulpit stood a priest preaching down to a tiny handful of poorly-dressed people athirst for the water of life.

Oh, Protestant in soft and cushioned pew, think of these Pisans standing on the cold stone floor, think of them as they look up with aching necks to hear the shepherd of their souls as he preaches far above them, and be thankful that thy minister is where thy Lord is, "down amongst His people"!

A great pillar of variegated marble was beautified by Andrea del Sarto's St. Agnes, with her lamb and martyr's palm. Softly and radiantly colored in orange and lavender, this painting was the choicest thing in the old church. Below it circled a narrow wooden

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bench, and seated thereon we quietly waited for the service to end. There was the high pulpit, the white-robed priest, the poor of Pisa clustered outside of the carved sacristy railings, the vivid red of the boys' dresses, the high altar with its burning candles and costly marbles, and dominating all in the curving apse a great seated Christ holding up three fingers in blessing, with Mary and John, the two dearly loved, on either side.

Presently some one got into my light. It was a passenger of the "Kaiser Wilhelm," who, seeing the picture of St. Agnes above our heads, stopped, raised her opera-glass, and examined it critically. Her little boy was watching with great curiosity the gaily dressed acolytes not far away, and she called out to him in the politest Berlitz French: "Frankie, Frankie, venez mon enfant et regardez ce joli tableau de Maria et son petit brebis!"—"Frankie, Frankie, come my child and look at the pretty picture of Mary and her little sheep!" But "Frankie," not having been taught to obey in America, did not intend to begin in Italy, and his mother soon forgot him. Her object to impress us with her artistic and linguistic attainments being accomplished, she fortunately moved away.

A column of smoke from a silver incense kettle was rising steadily upward near the altar, and suddenly it caught the tints of the rainbow, as the sun shone through

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a stained glass window upon it. It was the pulsing of a prayer in color!

Hanging from the high-vaulted ceiling — one had to look far up to see the beginning of the long rod — was a chandelier decorated with bronze boys, and with many little cups for holding oil. It was unlit, as the day was not a *festa*, and so hung quietly, but it was there; while the watchful nineteen-year-old Pisan who once, when the act of lighting had set the lamp to vibrating, noticed that it consumed the same time in describing its arc whether the latter was long or short, has been buried from human sight for centuries.

We say Galileo is dead, but he lives again in every pendulum swinging so busily to and fro, to and fro, all over the land.

Across the stony pavement, glittering white in the sun, we stepped to the Baptistry, a dome set upon the ground. It was empty, but a sacristan came toward us, pointed out the beauty of font and pulpit, and then sang three notes on the ascending scale. Round and round the gallery overhead they multiplied, and came back to us like the *finale* of an exquisite angel chorus, or the triumphant swells of a glorious organ symphony, growing sweeter and tenderer as they grow fainter.

When the last tone had added itself to the everlasting song of the world, begun when the planets commenced their rhythmic swing, we begged for more; it

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seemed "to express for us what we could not say and what we could not suppress."

The Baptistry at Pisa is God's friendship ring to man. The pulpit, with its carved Christ's story, is the ring's sacred jewel, and the solemnly melodious echo that circles round about it unites the divine answer to the human cry in harmony forever.

When the baptism of music dropping so gently into our hearts had ceased, we were about to leave, when an interesting group, that had just entered, attracted our attention. A nurse held a new-born babe. It was a tiny sleeping thing, dressed all in yellow silk veiled with white lace, its head protected by a doll's cap of the same materials, and lying on a lace-covered yellow silk pillow. With the child were its godfather and two pretty young women, evidently relatives.

A pleasant-faced, white-gowned priest appearing, they all grouped themselves about a small font attached to a pillar, the godfather holding cushion and babe on his outstretched palms, as if his precious burden were made of egg-shell china.

It took the good *padre* so long to find the place in his prayer book that the young man handed his charge back to the nurse, stepped aside, gravely wiped his forehead and his eyes, thereby quieting his emotions. Then he returned, resumed the sleeping infant, and the services began.

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One of the women held a little dish of oil which the priest used from time to time to anoint the babe. He read from his book, and the godmother answered: "I believe, I believe," "*Credo, credo.*" Then he placed one end of his gold-fringed purple stole on the child, which was still fast asleep, and *we* all walked to the large font. Here more oil was used and salt was put into the child's mouth, which it screwed up into a funny little pucker. The *padre* smiled at me and said: "It wasn't sugar."

Then the godmother took the pillow and contents, the godfather received a lighted candle like a torch to hold, more prayers were read, the babe's cap was taken off, put on, and finally the ceremony was over, without the use of a single drop of water. All the parties entered their names in a great book, the new Pisan citizen by proxy among the rest.

Salt was used so that the child might have a relish for good deeds and be pleased with the food of divine wisdom. Its breast was anointed with oil to show that the inmost evils of the soul are cured. The anointing of the shoulders denoted that grace is given to bear the yoke of Christ and to fight valiantly against the enemy, as soldiers in the ancient time were anointed before going into battle. At last the godfather holds the lighted candle, to show that Charity and Faith received during baptism must always burn and glow in the heart.

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CHAPTER IX.

Great Truths are portions of the soul of man,
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me.
— LOWELL.

WHEN we again emerged into the light, Josephus and the A. Boy elected to climb the leaning campanile, to lean with it in their ascent, look at the great bells,— melodious iron birds in their round stone nest,— and enjoy the soul-stirring prospect from the height. The tower's position thirteen feet out of the perpendicular has led to many discussions. Whether it was accidental, or the result of a premeditated desire on the part of the architects to see how far they could bend hard immutable stone to do their bidding, will never be known for a certainty, as the plans were all burned in a fire that destroyed a part of the cathedral. More and more do builders incline to the belief that the curious structure was not the result of an accident.

Being averse to high places, my choice lay in favor of the Campo Santo. Here everything speaks of the past, glorious in the history of Pisa. Inglorious too, as the giant-linked chains suspended on the walls testify. They once protected the ancient harbor, were captured

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by the Genoese, and returned by them after hundreds of years; and that was glorious on their part.

The pavement of the cemetery is composed of stones that cover the dead, but decorated with such artistic monuments that even Michael Angelo did not disdain to study them, and to my great joy they were guiltless of bead wreaths and dusty immortelles. Interesting were stirring statues of the Pisani who wrought so bravely for the architectural aggrandizement of Pisa; Giovanni with his compass, Niccolo with mallet and chisel, both showing in their grim faces how stubborn the materials were that they strove to subdue.

Ranged about this curious home of the illustrious departed are Roman milestones and Roman sarcophagi, Roman busts and Roman fragments, Etruscan vases and urns, ancient friezes and memorial tablets, Greek reliefs, pagan divinities, which the Pisani sculptors studied carefully and used in their work, terra cotta altars, a bronze griffin with Egyptian hieroglyphics, and a monument to the wonderful singer, Angelica Catalani. Everywhere on the walls of the Campo Santo are old frescoes from the earliest Italian masters, men who wrought with the fear of God in their hearts and who dedicated the work of their hands to Him in all singleness and purity of purpose. The curse of Ham, the tower of Babel, the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob,

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and Esau; of Joseph, Moses, and Aaron; the fall of the walls of Jericho, stories of David, Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba, the history of Job, the triumph of Death, and Heaven and Hell, glow with all the luminous fervor of fourteenth century enthusiasm for holy things.

A book of reproductions of this painted Bible so impressed some English artists, that a Reformation in modern art, or the pre-Raphaelite movement, was the outcome, showing the deathlessness of truth; for, says Harry Quilter in his "Preferences": "One evening Hunt and Rossetti go to tea with the Millais family, and there are shown a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. 'As we searched through this book of engravings,' says Hunt, 'we found in them, or thought we found, that freedom from corruption, pride, and desire, for which all sought. Here there was at least no trace of decline, no conventionality, no arrogance. Whatever the imperfections, the whole spirit of the art was simple and sincere, was, as Ruskin said afterward, eternally and unalterably true. Think what a revelation it was to find such work at *such* a moment, and to recognize it, with the triple enthusiasm of our three spirits. If Newton could say of his theory of gravitation that his conviction of its truth increased tenfold from the moment in which he got one

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other person to believe in it, was it wonderful that when we three saw, as it were, in a flash of lightning, this truth of art, it appealed to us almost with the force of a revolution? Hunt, a steady, enthusiastic worker, Rossetti, with his appreciation of beauty most intense in quality, Millais, with his common sense, all saw alike.'"

Once more three Americans hung out over the deep window-seats of their rooms, but they were not the same three people who had watched the peaceful river, who had enjoyed the fragrant air, who had listened to the campanile bells and the garrison music of the evening before. Twenty-four hours had added marvelous years to their existence. Something had entered into their souls, so beautiful, so solemn, so infinitely tender, that time itself could never eradicate it. The subjective mind in each one that "never sleeps and that never forgets" had received pregnant suggestions that were worth carrying to heaven itself. All three had lived in the Past, a Past full of evil and the passions of humanity, but full of noble and inspiring things as well. They had met the mighty spirits of the long ago, who had wrought so indestructibly that generation after generation may go and learn because the artists told the truth that was in them.

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The whole of artistic verity is a perfect circle. It was finished by a sublime sweep of the infinite Hand, when "the evening and the morning made the sixth day," and the finite hand has ever since been interpreting segments. The Italian pre-Raphaelite segment, like the English one, fits exactly into the Creator's beautiful round, into His completed curve.

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CHAPTER X.

Oh! happy ship to rise and dip
With the blue crystal at your lip.
Oh! happy crew, my heart with you
Sails and sails and sings anew!
— BUCHANAN REED.

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon of a perfect spring day when we left Pisa for Rome. Taking a farewell look at the flowing river and its massive bridges, catching a photographic glimpse of the white buildings so masterfully grouped together, and glad that our mental "films" could retain the daintiest gradations of color, clattering for the last time through clean and sober streets, with many a musical bell-jingle and merry whip-crack, we said "*addio*" to Pisa. Curly-headed Pasquale drove us to the *stazione*, and his "*buon viaggio signore e signora*" went with us "over the hills and far away," and was fulfilled many times. Not the least pleasant of our Italian memories are those connected with the humble friends we made on the way.

At first the train went inland, but oh! joy, just at dusk we came to the sea again. The waves rolled gently upon the beach, and the cream-white sickle of the rising moon faintly tipped each oncoming sapphire comb with a silver rim. A yacht with flaming sail was

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riding lazily on a slanting path of trembling light, where the dying sun had left its soul upon the water. The fishermen were singing their evening song, and "*Ma-ri-a*" came faintly toward us through the indescribably mysterious atmosphere living moon and expiring sun had made together.

It was a long ride to Rome, and at eight o'clock we descended to take our dinner at a station restaurant, whose table seemed the marriage board of a bride. Six branched candlesticks with lighted candles, softly shaded lamps, pots of flowers, pyramidal heaps of oranges, and a daintily served meal, made one think of Kamtchatka—for instance—where such things are not.

At midnight we heard "Ro-*ma*," "Ro-*ma*." Electricity made the large square outside the *stazione* look altogether too modern. "Hotel dell' Europa, Piazza di Spagna," sounded un-American enough, however, and later to sleep seemed good.

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CHAPTER XI.

There was born at Eisleben, once more, a Mighty Man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another Birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, Eighteen Hundred years ago,—of which it is fit that we *say* nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there! The Age of Miracles past? The Age of Miracles is forever here!—CARLYLE.

OUR first care the next morning was to secure a cabman like Pasquale of Pisa, who would be faithful to us during our stay in Cæsar's city. There was no difficulty, for we found Vittorio, who looked just old enough to have 1870* for his birth-year. He had red cheeks and a fair skin, which, combined with dark eyes and hair, gave him the appearance of a Russian. Vittorio wore neat clothes, owned a new cab with yellow wheels, and a strong, well-fed horse. He was a lover of the beautiful too, for he had braided a great red rose into his steed's black mane. Regularly every morning, he stationed himself near the arched doorway leading into the courtyard of the hotel. When we appeared he hastily thrust the little newspaper he always read — rather an unusual thing for an Italian cabman —into his coat pocket, and drove up dashingly directly

* The year when Vittorio Emanuele entered Rome, thus uniting Italy.

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in front of us. He never failed to raise his hat, bid us severally "good-morning," and then respectfully bend his head for directions. Shall I ever forget his surprise when our first order was the "Sacred Staircase"! Vittorio thought us odd travelers no doubt, but to the *Scala Sancta* he drove us.

The twenty-eight steps of Pilate are in a chapel, near the church of St. John Lateran, the "Mother Church." Upon arriving we found them swarming with pilgrims, crawling up on their knees. Certainly here was a strong reminder of mediævalism, which I thought the nineteenth century had surely outgrown. On the bottom step knelt a neatly dressed German peasant and his wife. Their heads were bent down, their hands folded on their breasts, and a black-frocked priest was shouting at them as loud as he could in the Wurtemberg dialect. As Josephus and I understood his *patois* we drew near the group and listened, seeing which, this "*Seelsorger*"—care-taker of souls—said to us in a more moderate tone of voice: "I am trying to explain the wonderplace here to this blockhead, but he is so stupid he cannot understand anything. I am obliged to scream at him, *for which I beg your pardon!*" My husband's request for information he answered by the well-known story:

"Helena, mother of Constantine, had brought the marble staircase to Rome from Jerusalem, where it had

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once been a part of the house of Pilate. When the order of the latter to scourge our Savior had been fulfilled, the bleeding one descended these steps and his precious blood dropped on them, and for fifteen centuries the faithful had sought an indulgence of a thousand years by climbing the staircase on their knees and repeating certain prayers. As the penitents were tempted to chip pieces for souvenirs from the steps, the latter were partly covered with wood, and over the blood stains brass stars were affixed which devotees passionately kissed. At the top of the steps is the Sanctum Sanctorum, or Holy of Holies. None but the pope can officiate at its altar, and the only ones beside who can enter its precincts are the canons of the Lateran, and they just once a year — Palm Sunday. This is the only remains of the old Lateran palace, and here is preserved the 'Acheirotopeton,' or picture of Christ when He was twelve years old. It was sketched by St. Luke, but finished by invisible hands while the apostle slept. The painting is enclosed in a silver tabernacle presented by Innocent III. The chapel contains a number of relics, amongst others a little bottle of the blood of Christ, which will explain the inscription above the altar in Latin, that in all the earth there is no place more holy. Individuals are permitted to gaze through a grating at the interior of the chapel, and to view the

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pictures of canonized popes and martyrs, and the lattice-work which screens the sandals of the Saviour, the fragments of the true Cross, and the relics of St. Luke."

While listening I watched my two Wurtembergers as they crawled painfully upwards, their heads still bowed, their hands devoutly folded. He climbed on the right, she on the left. He climbed faster than she because he was not hampered by a multiplicity of skirts. *He waited for her at intervals* until she came opposite to him, and I felt sure he was not a "blockhead." No man is that who stops long enough for his wife to rise to his level — if perchance she be below it — before going on again *with* her, whether the staircase be material, intellectual, or spiritual.

At the foot of the *Scala Sancta* were two Carrara marble statues. On the right was the Saviour receiving the Judas-kiss. On the left stood Pilate, in the act of giving Christ to the people, saying: "Take ye him and crucify him; for I find no fault in him." The Roman, thin, clean-shaven, crafty; Jesus, meek and wan, with bowed thorn-crowned head. The vivid presentation of two of the cruelest moments in the life of our Lord, the sight of the poor deluded pilgrims, was too sad to contemplate very long and I sought the sunshine, and waited for my companions, who were still interviewing the priest. Think of his traveling all the way from

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Germany to Rome with two of his flock, only to tell them at last that they knew nothing. Whose fault was it?

Out of doors, I thought of another German with a different soul calibre, a monk, who, four hundred years before, walked from Saxony to Rome. With staff in hand to guide his firm young body, whose cloistered strength had never been wasted, Martin Luther regarded not fatigue, because he believed he was treading the path to heaven.

Bitter must have been the experience that forced him to exclaim: "If there is a hell, Rome is built on it." He was too good a Catholic, however, not to seek forgiveness of sin on Pilate's staircase. I fancied this pure-minded Goth shocked at what he heard and saw in the city which he had always connected with everything celestial; I thought of him wearily climbing and busily thinking how to reconcile hard and grievous facts with dreams and visions, when suddenly, like a ray of purest light in a dark space, there entered his disturbed spirit the words: "The just shall live by faith." He felt the conscience must be free. Faith must become inspiration. Inspiration must lead to God. God must forgive sin.

At that moment the Reformation was born, and Martin Luther lived his whole life in the concentrated white

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heat of an instant. Angels ministered unto him as he knelt, radiantly happy, with Sunday singing in his heart.

Around the Sacred Staircase in Rome, sacred to the Protestant as well as to the Catholic, there cluster memories of the most momentous importance in the history of Christianity, yea of civilization. They are the memories of a Man and of a Conscience. Let me say it of a German Conscience, that gave the Man no rest, but beat as with an iron hammer against the fortress of his understanding, until its door sprang open and the Conscience climbed to the top, waving the flag of triumph over the battlements forever.

More and more does the value of the individual impress itself upon me. Great men are men who, single-handed and alone, dare to turn aside the current of popular opinion into new and entirely unknown channels, —whose eagle eyes take in at a glance all the present, and peer with a sure and swift prophecy into the future.

When the world has rocked itself to sleep for centuries with the self-same cradle songs, it takes a mighty blast upon a mighty trumpet to awaken the sleeper, and when, added to the new song, the cradle is pushed far out of its accustomed arc by a mighty hand, its rushing back again in vain effort to find the old track, stirs the awakened being out of his lethargy forever.

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Such a trumpeter was Luther, and such clarion notes did he send forth from his liberty bugle that the tones have echoed and re-echoed in and out of the ensuing years, adding new force and melody as the generations have caught up the strain, until to-day we listen with awe and wonder that one man dared to sing so true.

Rome, beautiful as a woman, masterful as a lion, and mysterious as the Sphinx, did not first bewitch, then overpower, and finally destroy Martin Luther, because his blood was mixed with mountain air. He had been on the heights alone with God. He was another Theodoric, true to his loftiest ideal of himself. He was the whole Teutonic race, as he marched on alone in the forefront of spiritual progress.

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CHAPTER XII.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone — with nothing like to thee —
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

— BYRON.

FINALLY Vittorio is glad because he can turn his horse's head toward St. Peter's. It was a long drive in the opposite direction, but full of interest to the stranger, and one that in its perpetual change can never pall upon the resident. Ancient ruins, mediæval churches, modern streets, monumental fountains, obelisks, statues to heroes dead and gone. Groups of pilgrims, led staringly about by priests, showing costumes and speaking the languages of the civilized world. Crowds of shorn priests in red, in black and purple, and in brown, and these latter barefooted and bearded. Italian peasant women, broad of shoulder, deep and full of chest, wearing long coral earrings, and strings upon strings of coral beads. On their heads huge baskets of roses, an armful for a *soldo*. Aristocratic equipages, with outriders

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in scarlet and gold; army officers speeding their horses that, with red-lined distended nostrils, plunge forward in answer to the silver spur. A shifting panorama of form and color, with the blue-bending sky overhead and the pleasant sunshine playing all about, that made one simply glad to be alive and a part of it all.

At last "appeared a mighty pile of buildings, surmounted by the vast dome which all of us must have shaped and swelled outward like a huge bubble, to the utmost scope of our imaginations, long before we see it floating over the worship of the city." And he would be a senseless clod whose heart did not beat faster as he ascended the broad flight of steps leading to the temple of temples. Between the entrance doors is written an ancient memorial, the epitaph of Charlemagne for Adrian I. and himself.

"O most illustrious, I unite our two names and titles:
Adrian and Charles, the king and the father.
O thou, who readest these verses, say with pious heart the prayer:
'O merciful God, have pity upon them both.'
Sweetly slumbering, O friend, may thy earthly body rest in the grave.
And thy spirit wander in bliss, with the saints of the Lord,
Till the last trumpet sounds in thine ears.
Then arise with Peter, to the contemplation of God."

A leather curtain is pushed aside, and a man knows at once that he is to the interior of St. Peter's as an insect to an alp. The tremendous pillars holding up wide spreading arches, the colossal statues, the enormous

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mosaics, are all in harmony with themselves and the endless basilica; man's frame alone is out of proportion. His identity is swallowed up and lost in vastness, and he must readjust values before he can find himself again. The very cherubim on the pillars are taller than he!

St. Peter's is not one church but many. Here are chapels unnumbered, confessionals for every modern tongue, tombs holding the ashes of illustrious dead, marble popes, prelates, martyrs, saints, and seraphs.

One must stand under Buonarroti's rainbow-mosaiced dome, to realize how utterly dumb words are to describe its majestic perfection. Only an angel, writing with prismatic pen, on a flaming scroll, can do it justice. How great the difference between the giant intellect that conceived it and that of the Italian yonder in front of the bronze St. Peter on his white throne! See the man reverently pass his hand over the statue's foot, rubbed by my lady's cambric handkerchief and the peasant's rough palm until all semblance to a foot has vanished. See him place his forehead upon it, kiss the spot, and then kneel before the image with bowed head, too humble to lift his eyes to a metal man. Oh! the pity of it! for

> "— even the lowest, meanest worshipper
> Trembling perhaps in superstitious fear
> Has powers greater than he gives his gods,"

and yet reverence is better even when misapplied, than the lack of it. I had noticed near the bronze St. Peter,

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a singularly beautiful woman. I do not think I ever saw such a superb face before. She too had been watching, and when she saw the Italian kneel, she called to her companion, an elderly gentleman — I have since wondered many times whether it was a case of May and December—and pointing her finger at the supplicating one, she laughed such a scornful laugh. I did not think her lovely after that. The praying man pleased me more than the scoffing woman.

It impresses one curiously to see a northern name so far away from its native land. Two drooping white marble angels, with down-folded wings, leaning sorrowfully on inverted torches, guard a door behind which lie "the last of the Stuarts." Above their heads are the graven words:

"Beati Mortvi
Qvi in Domino Morivntor."
(Blessed are they that die in the Lord.)

And says one historian: "George the IV., faithful to his reputation as the most accomplished gentleman of the three kingdoms, wished to honor the ashes of the unfortunate princes, whom, while living, he would have sent to the scaffold if they fell into his power."

Compare the face of Angelo with that of Raphael. How each has caught the very soul of the material he loved to work in! Hard, stern, seamed over and over with lines of agony is the countenance of the former;

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tender, curving, liquid the smile of the latter; and yet when the marble "Pietà," that lives in the first chapel to the right, as you enter St. Peter's, was conceived and born, the artist was more the painter, than the sculptor. How gently, yet firmly, does the mourning mother hold her dead Son! How pathetic the droop in the body of the Christ! How heavenly the two cherubs above them, both with the crown of victory!

Do you see the words on the madonna's girdle? Verily the sculptor and not the painter is *now* to the fore. Accused of claiming the work of another, Angelo at dead of night and by lantern-light cut his name there, hushing the lying lips with every sharp and steady stroke. One can fancy the hard lines grow deeper about the sensitive mouth, as with sardonic smile the artist's mallet urged the chisel to tell the truth forever. The "Mother of Sorrows" alone, in all the world, was fitted to wear upon her bosom the immortal name of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.

On the walls of the Canonical Chapel, in simple wooden frames, are six lovely girls clad in luminous garments, and playing on different instruments, music

> "that softer falls,
> Than petals from blown roses on the grass."

So rapt are their faces, so tenderly devout their attitudes, they seem, after all the glory and riches of the

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great church, like a fringe of morning-glories beside a bunch of tiger-lilies.

Malozzo da Forli, pupil of Giotto! Heaven's own curtain was surely turned aside to let thee catch a glimpse of God's orchestra playing on a Sunday morning. Thou didst surely hear a strain of celestial music thyself whilst dreaming over this angelic band.

A young priest in purple and white lace was my companion as I stood before the six winged players. He dared not raise his eyes, for, alas! the angels were women.

Out in the sunlight again we told Vittorio to drive us to the Pincio Garden. God's sun and air, His trees and flowers, were good to rest the tired brain and still the quickly-beating heart.

Here stood rows of polished horse-chestnuts, lit up by sentinel-straight white blossoms. Judas-trees flung out their pink and lavender wealth of bloom without a single green leaf to detract from the pyramidal oceans of color. Palms whispered Arabian Nights' tales to one another, and drops of flame were burning out all over the pomegranate trees, while the breeze that blew around our faces

> "— tossed up
> A cloud of incense of all odours steamed
> From out a golden cup."

In a pavilion a band was playing, acceptably only be-

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cause the out-door charm made excuses. Better the songs of hundreds of tiny birds flitting everywhere, young-feeding, without the fear of quarrelsome sparrow, or stone from unerring sling.

Rich and poor, prince and beggar, alike love the Pincio Garden, and in view of the treelessness of Rome it is really a tiny Paradise, where black-eyed Adams and charming Eves wander and are happy. If there was anywhere an Angel with a flaming sword he was not visible that lovely May day, when we took our first drive on the Pincian Hill, and felt that it was good to be there.

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CHAPTER XIII.

"That rich, deep chest-note, crystal-clear,
Is a mortifying thing to hear.
We have sharper beaks and hardier wings,
Yet we but croak; *this* fellow sings."
So they planned and planned, and killed the bird
With the sweetest voice was ever heard.

Passing his grave one happy May,
I brought this English daisy away.

—T. B. ALDRICH.

NO TRAVELERS were ever so blessed with charming weather as were those who visited Europe in the spring of 1893. Day after day of cloudless skies, no annoying winds, no dust. Every morning was like the day when green things first came into the world, absolutely pure in its pristine freshness.

On such a morning we pilgrimed to the English cemetery, and the talismanic words, "Keats and Shelley," lent wings to the feet of the dear little Italian girl who had charge of the gate. The grave of Shelley had on it a wreath of white roses, which, with the inscription, "Cor Cordium"—"Heart of Hearts"—told its own beautiful story. Next to it was a newly-made grave, that of the pure-minded noble friend of Italy, John Addington Symonds, whose precious dust had been laid there only a few days before. "After life's fitful fever"

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these two sleep well side by side, the heart and the man, for both were once intoxicated with Italy's beauty.

It was necessary to cross a meadow full of buttercups and daisies — the kind that Burns loved, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped," — from which a full-throated lark arose with its long drawn out hymn of praise, to find the grave of Keats. In the wall near it was a gray stone memorial tablet, with a bas-relief in white marble of the delicately featured poet. Underneath was the following inscription:

> "Keats! if thy cherished name be writ in water
> Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek.
> A sacred tribute such as heroes seek,
> Though oft in vain, for dazzling deeds of slaughter.
> Sleep on! not honored less for epitaph so meek."*

These tender words reconciled one to the headstone itself with its

> "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Raising our eyes we saw very near a granite pyramid, a monument to Caius Cestius, whose business it was to provide feasts for the gods, and it was impossible not to marvel a little at the spot. An English poet, with the soul of a Greek, and a heart broken by Chris-

* Hillard, in his "Six Months in Italy," says: "The papal government, though it defrayed the expenses of the enclosure, will not permit any allusion to hopes beyond the grave to be carved upon the monument of a heretic; and for this reason the inscriptions of this cemetery merely set forth the virtues and graces of the deceased, and say nothing of the resurrection and a future life."

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tians, lay buried in Roman soil close to an Egyptian mausoleum. It was erected to a pagan priest, who worshipped the very gods the beauty-drunken modern minstrel lived and died for. Verily the ends of the earth are gathered together by the four corners in this cemetery at Rome.

"O pang-dowered Poet, whose reverberant lips
And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's eclipse,—
Thou whom the daisies glory in growing o'er—
Their fragrance clings around thy name, not writ
But rumour'd in water, while the fame of it
Along Time's flood goes echoing evermore."

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CHAPTER XIV.

These were the happy days,
That, purely white, deserve
An everlasting diamond should them mark.
— DRUMMOND.

VATICAN days, museum days, cathedral days, days at the Coliseum, and at the Pantheon! Hours only, to worship at the altars the gods of earth labored years to erect! To see in brilliant colors applied by the matchless hand of genius, what was already loved in simple reproductions, to enjoy in white marble what was only familiar on white paper, to become re-acquainted with old friends in their glorified niches, and to make many new ones, filled the days brim-full of beauty.

Hours at Frascati shall always be marked with a sapphire circle. A German artist who had lived long at Rome was our companion, and with him we went to the "Trattoria Cipolletta" — "The Little Onion Inn" — where the kitchen ceiling was a *pergola* covered with vines, and where the turquoise sky, and the golden sunlight filtering through the grape leaves, blessed the cook, his bright copper pots, and their fragrant contents.

Our dinner was served in a long low room, whose whitewashed walls were covered with paintings, done by

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wandering and grateful artists. St. Angelo's castle, a bridge over the Tiber, a Madonna and Babe, a monk reading his breviary and never looking up, a long green branch with drooping purple grapes, were poorly done no doubt, but still acceptable for simplicity of handling, and inspiring from very worthiness of subject.

Near us an Italian peasant was giving his wife, his little girl, and several friends a treat. How good the macaroni tasted! and when the child did not succeed neatly with the long drawn out slippery dainty, the father caught his heart's treasure up, threw her toward the ceiling, caught her again, kissed her, set her in her high chair, and fed her. In Kamtchatka children leave the table in disgrace for smaller sins.

Later we journeyed up the hill toward Tusculum, with the nightingales singing in the ilex trees, fit to burst their tiny throats. The paths were indescribably beautiful with wild-flowers. Forget-me-nots, red and blue anemones, coronilla blossoms, tufts of yellow broom, daisies, blue-bells, and tinted grasses made dappled living ribbons with green selvedges that undulated with every passing breeze. The wonder was to see everything as absolutely fresh as if it had just come from its Maker's hand. When at the summit, the swallows brought down the silver from the sun, as with burnished wings they dipped and curved about the ruined theater with its mimic stage that in palmy days the poet Horace loved.

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The wind sighed softly through the enormous plane trees, and wooed delicate odors out of the many plants and the fragrant earth. Suddenly in the scintillating distance there shone a sapphire horse-shoe. The German artist saw it too, uncovered his head, and with his fair hair blowing about a high white forehead he waved his hat westward saying: "Ich grüsse dich du wunderschönes blaues Meer" — "I greet thee, thou wondrously beautiful blue sea." Then I knew we were kindred.

By sunset our party was once more at Frascati. The vesper bells began to ring out the signal for the little girls, the medium-sized girls, the young women, the middle-aged women, the old women, to don their best dresses and their shawls. With uncovered heads they walked to and fro, watched by a line of envious youths and men, who dared not even address them. Such a separation of the sexes, and such a gathering of shawls that one American female mind has revolted from that particular article of dress ever since!

Back to Rome again, with the mysterious solid sea of the Campagna stretching miles into the dim distance, past isolated Roman towers, past the arches of the old Roman aqueduct, to find faithful Vittorio waiting to drive us to the Piazzi di Spagna.

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CHAPTER XV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.
— BYRON.

TO SPEND a Sunday in Rome, with its hundreds of churches, and with services at all hours, is a tantalizing experience. When one has a blue ticket, however, bought with silver, admitting the holder to a sight of the pope himself, one is apt to be ready for that spectacle.

At three in the afternoon, set by Leo for canonizing some saints, there was only one road in all Rome, and that led to St. Peter's. The streets were filled with crowds of pedestrians, long files of flying cabs full of pilgrims, and longer files of emblazoned carriages, moving more decorously. In these sat ladies dressed in black, wearing the Spanish veil and guiltless of jewelry, as prescribed. Their attendants were in evening dress, also according to law.

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When we reached Bernini's noble staircase leading into the Vatican, there was already an immense concourse of people slowly making their way upward. Only a certain number were allowed to pass the cordon of Swiss guards dressed in their harlequin costumes, designed by Michael Angelo. No one jostled or crowded, but all moved forward with the utmost decorum, almost reverence. Over and over again the blue ticket was demanded in our passage through vast corridors and over stone staircases. I dared not reflect on the consequences had one lost his "wedding garment."

The ceremony did not take place in the basilica, but in the "Hall of Beatification," a superb room, with an altar at one end and decorated with paintings. It was darkened by means of curtains, but thousands of candles diffused a soft and pleasing light. When the apartment was full no more people were allowed to enter, and hundreds were turned away disappointed.

A narrow passage, near which we were fortunately stationed, was left free from the door the length of the hall, for the pope and his attendants. They were very long coming, punctuality being evidently not a papal virtue. Suddenly a great shout went up: "Viva il Papa Rè-è-è!"—"Long live the Pope the King!"—a forbidden cry since glorious Victor Emanuel became king of United Italy, and only indulged in when religion and patriotism are divorced.

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In every known tongue was then heard: "Long live the Pope of Rome." As this last word never loses the O sound, no matter in what language it is spoken, the throng of excited people expanded itself into an exclamatory Niagara. Handkerchiefs were waved in the air and the deafening cries seemed to shake the very foundation stones of the church itself, for the pope had come.

First in the procession were the Swiss guards, wearing helmets decorated with drooping white horse-hair plumes, and armed with halberds. Their dress consisted of a doublet and knee breeches of striped red, yellow, and black cloth, worked with the papal insignia. Then a crowd of *guardia nobile*, clad like mediæval knights in white ruffs, black capes hung over one shoulder, somber nether garments, long stockings, and buckled slippers. The costume was finished by a long sword. Dignitaries in purple and scarlet followed, then Leo alone.

The aged representative of Christ on earth, with his pallid, shrunken face, his beakèd nose, and his eye of a falcon, dropped blessings out of white kid-gloved hands covered with diamond rings. The pilgrims bent forward to touch the hem of his scarlet robe or to finger the priceless lace of his overdress, hoping that virtue might come out, as long ago it issued from a Galilean garment woven all in one piece. I thought of my two Wurtembergers, and wondered whether popes ever

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climbed staircases on their knees. Some of them needed remission of sins.

Then I had a vision of a pale-faced monk whom no scarlet and fine lace could dazzle, and who, coming to Rome for a blessing for himself, found one for a country unknown when he was born. A country indebted to him for its very existence, for was not the motto of the Pilgrim Fathers also, "For Conscience' Sake"?

When the brilliant *cortège* reached the illuminated altar, the services began, and that vast multitude of all nationalities responded as one voice in Latin. It sounded like the roar of an ocean, and was extremely impressive, the more so as no books were used. Then a bell tinkled and the worshippers fell on their knees. A silence that could be felt brooded over the bowed congregation, the host was elevated in a brilliantly jewelled monstrance, and breathlessly the mystery of transubstantiation was awaited.

Scarcely had the rushing noise subsided, made by the kneeling ones rising to their feet, when there were heard tones as when,

"Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream."

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It was the inspiring prelude for the pope's choir of men, some with women's voices and their almost supernatural singing had a peculiar charm of its own. The highest voice belonged to the "Angel of Rome," as the musician is called, being likened no doubt in many minds to the song of an angel from heaven.

All too soon the music ceased, the audience kept its place and the ecclesiastical retinue streamed out in the same manner as it had entered. Just as Leo reached the centre of the hall another mountain torrent of sound rushed through the air, and one hysterical German woman fell into the arms of her friend, exclaiming, "Ach! der süsse,süsse Mann!"—"Oh! the sweet, sweet man!" —for which she was to be forgiven, as the excitement had made her irresponsible. At the door the pope thus saccharinely invoked, was placed in a sedan chair and carried comfortably by a private staircase to his own apartments in the palace. Then the audience was allowed to disperse.

The A. Boy had been deeply moved by the spectacle. Being too small to see over the heads of the standing crowd, his father held him aloft. As the shouts began, the contagion seized the child too, and he made more noise and waved his handkerchief more violently than the most ardent admirer of the pope possible could. Elevated, "Young America" was quite conspicuous, and when Leo came opposite us he raised

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his eyes and smiled, and that smile won the boy's heart.

The spell was broken in a curious way. When we reached the door a man in front of us took a flat black plate from under his arm and gave it a vigorous slap. A crack like a pistol shot resounded, and presto! he had made a stove-pipe hat! The A. Boy laughed out loud, and was himself again.

The evening was spent at the Trinità de' Monti, a church so interestingly described by Mendelssohn, who visited Rome in 1830. He says: "It is twilight, and the whole of the small, bright church is filled with persons kneeling, lit up by the sinking sun each time that the door is opened; both the singing nuns have the sweetest voices in the world, quite tender and touching, more especially when one of them sings the responses in her melodious voice, which we are accustomed to hear chanted by priests, in a loud, harsh, monotonous tone. The impression is very singular; moreover it is well known that no one is permitted to see the fair singers — so this caused me to form a strange resolution. I have composed something to suit their voices, which I observed very minutely, and I mean to send it to them; there are several modes to which I can have recourse to accomplish this. That they will sing it I feel quite assured; and it will be pleasant for me to hear my chant performed by persons whom I never saw, especially as they must in turn sing it to the *barbaro*

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Tedesco, whom they also never beheld. I am charmed with this idea. The text is Latin — a Prayer to the Virgin."

Mendelssohn was a German musician, with a Jewish philosopher for a grandfather and a Jewish banker for a father. His Jewish mother professed the Lutheran faith and taught it to her children. Her composer son wrote a prayer to the Virgin, to be sung by French nuns in a Roman Catholic Church. Fortunately for humanity, music has no country, and makes all men brothers, understanding the same tender speech.

Houses in Italy are built with very thick walls, a protection against the cold as well as the heat. It was necessary to bend far out in order to see the street below. A harp, a mandolin, and a guitar were playing gently near the Spanish staircase. The purple sky-meadow was sprinkled all over with odorless yellow flowers, while the moon, nearly full, dowered the world with her transfiguring power. The brilliantly silent night restored repose to the nerves so violently strained by a day full of contending emotions, and it was late before we sought sleep.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Between the spreading branches, clear and bright,
The coruscating ether, blue, profound,
Stretched boundless, incommensurably far.
— LUIGI CAPUANA.

EVERY Italian city has its own atmosphere, as much so to-day, as during the centuries when there were no railroads to make the influence from one to the other easily felt. Rome stirs one to the very depths, and the traveler almost wishes the world would stand still for a space; but time flies inexorably, and Vittorio bade us "*addio*" at last, and his "*buon viaggio*" was as sincere as was that of Pasquale of Pisa.

The ride to Naples, or Napoli in the pretty Italian manner, was a fascinating one. Wild-flowers of every possible dye, dainty enough to crown a fairy queen, lined the tracks on both sides. Mountain towns shone on the heights; monasteries, convents, churches, and campanili gave one almost a feeling of insecurity, so airily were they poised. The sky became, if possible, an intenser blue, earth an intenser green. Farms most carefully cultivated charmed the eye for miles, as the grape-vines were looped between rows of mulberry trees, and every available spot of rich earth bore an

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abundant crop of grain. White oxen, crowned with wide-out-curving horns, added a definite beauty to the landscape as they moved royally along, kings amongst cattle. Their drivers, picturesque bronzed ploughmen, always wore something brilliant about their persons, if it was only a bunch of scarlet poppies in their hats.

Shepherds carrying crooks, their knees covered with long strips of roughened fur, tended flocks of sheep and tan-coated goats. Peasant girls, with three-cornered grass-filled wicker panniers on their backs, followed the train with curious and wistful eyes. As soon as the human interest was lacking in the landscape, the soul was refreshed by gradations of unsuspected color that moved noiselessly over the mountains and plains.

When Naples was reached the sea was ready with its undulating charm of musical blue. Another never-failing source of mystery and wonder was Vesuvius, quietly looking down upon the scene like an ancient priest at his altar, perpetually feeding the sacred fire, whose white smoke was the only cloud in the sapphire sky.

The pen of genius has worn itself away in attempts to describe Naples and its Bay. Earth, sea, and sky have made one supreme effort here to attain to matchless beauty, and have succeeded. As Hillard has so well said, "It would seem as if volcanic agency were necessary to crown the earth with its most impressive

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loveliness and grandeur, just as a human face never reveals all its beauty till passion burns in the eye and trembles on the lip." Nature has formed herself in curves of the most exquisite outline, and teems with glowing colors, and unparalleled richness of animal and vegetable life. The mountains are not too close to prevent a far horizon, and a lover of the beautiful out of doors, can at last say: "I am content."

The city itself presents many picturesque aspects, as, for instance, when one stands at the end of a narrow street which rises by means of a succession of steep staircases. The moving people, in their varied costumes, the pots of flowers in the balconies, the many articles exposed for sale, the cries of the street venders, and the constant braying of donkeys, make a curious combination of form, color, and sound, interesting from its very intenseness.

Naples has few fine houses, the churches after Rome are not interesting, the streets, especially near the sea, are dingy and dirty, and the noises rival those at Genoa. Cab-drivers are almost banditti, but a necessary evil, as the city spreads out interminably.

The Corso, however, with its enchanting view over the sea and far out to the Vesuvian cyclops, weeping a sullen red tear of molten lava from his solitary eye, was crowded toward evening with magnificent carriages. Queen Marguerite, who drove regularly, charmed every-

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one with her gracious manner, and the A. Boy became her devoted slave because he was sure she bowed to him!

A visit to the salt-water Aquarium gives one unstinted pleasure, filled as it is with deep-sea fauna of every variety, the Bay of Naples being the richest spot in the world for such fishing. There are sponges that live and cannot move, notably the artistic Venus flower-basket, or glass-sponge. Corals with different forms, explained by the terms sea-fan, mushroom, star, and organ-pipe, together with the corallina, tinted a lovely rose-color or deep purple. Fourteen-rayed Brisingas, or star-fish, curiously striped balloon-fish, cuttle-fish, with branching arms and secreting the artist's sepia. Enormous squids, with their cruelly graceful tentacles, and phosphorescent Venus girdles, gelatinous ribbons several feet long and a few inches wide. Curious to observe were the magenta sea anemones, that disappeared into tube-like projections when touched, and emerged again cautiously, petal by petal, when they thought all danger was past. There were, too, numberless varieties of brilliantly-scaled fish; lobsters, crabs, and turtles; serpent-fish, with their horrible convolutions; and huge crimson octopi, surrounding their food with eight-footed greed.

Last but not least, there was a pure white jelly-fish, shaped like a transparent morning-glory, with long and almost invisible white threads pending from the corolla.

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It was in the lower part of a jar full of sea-water when we first saw it. The flower suddenly found a soul and moved slowly upward with infinite grace, pulsing and expanding, pulsing and expanding, until it reached the surface, where it rested for a moment. Then pulsing and contracting, pulsing and contracting, it gently descended to the bottom. Dainty, fragile little blossom, it almost inspired awe because it had volition.

The Naples Museum is a vast aggregation of sculpture,— soulless white gods and goddesses, fauns and satyrs; statues of emperors, kings, amazons, and warriors. The sitting statue of "Apollo Musaceto" playing the lyre, a white marble god dressed in porphyry, and the statue of Diana of the Ephesians, a bronze goddess clad in Ethiopian marble, excite especial wonder. They seem to have been created first, and their garments thrown over them afterward like wax that finally hardened into harmonious folds.

The Museum contains, also, a library, and a fine collection of paintings, bronzes, vases, and innumerable objects of interest from Pompeii and Herculaneum, which will always be its chief attraction. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and these toy imitations of Rome were saved by the very means man would have judged a destroyer forever. Of intense interest, from the standpoint of humanity, are articles of domestic use,—pots, pans, and kettles. Ar-

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ticles for the decoration of men, women, and houses; agricultural implements and implements of war; musical and surgical instruments; playthings for children; *loaded* dice; and food, black and hard, in one case a loaf of bread with the stamp of the baker,— all these give a startling glimpse backward to a time that no amount of reading can ever bring so close.

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CHAPTER XVII.

And music too — dear music! that can touch,
Beyond all else, the soul that loves it much!
— Moore.

One evening we visited the Public Garden, and sat near the pavilion in which a band was playing military music and overtures from the operas. Between it and us stood a lad about ten years old pretending to be the leader of an orchestra. He was poorly dressed, but showed home care in his neat shoes and stockings, articles of dress usually abhorred by the Neapolitan street boy. The embryo director — we will call him Musico — held in his hand a slender wand with which he copied exactly the motions of the real leader.

At times the boy interpolated movements of his own. Holding his head on one side and making a sweeping, curving gesture with baton and left arm, he would stand motionless as if listening. Then, straightening up his little body, he would finish by imitating the conductor again, continuing his self-imposed task to the end, when he disappeared. No sooner did the playing re-commence than he was all eagerness to lead once more. He seemed perfectly absorbed in his labor of

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love, and directed the second piece successfully, vanishing as before.

During the third selection a serpent entered Musico's Eden in the shape of another small boy, shoeless and hatless, who shall be called Combattimento. The new-comer envied the happiness of his acquaintance, and sought to trip him up by winding his bare foot around that of the little musician, and then suddenly jerking him forward. Musico did not notice the intruder at first, as he was just making one of his most impressive gestures. He almost fell over, though, and turning suddenly he gave Combattimento such a box on the ear that the spoil-sport retired "seeing stars." When he recovered from the blow, Combattimento returned to the attack, and really succeeded in landing Musico on his face. The latter arose, laid his precious baton on a seat near by, clutched his enemy with all the energy of Italia when aroused, and whipped him so thoroughly and so quickly that the fight was over almost before it was begun. Oddly enough, neither boy made a sound. All one heard was the crunching of the pebbles in the path under their angry feet.

Throwing his opponent far from him with a scornful glance, Musico took up his baton and conducted "Il Trovatore" to the last chord, as if nothing had happened. He bowed to an imaginary audience when the

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people in the garden applauded, and then retired as before.

The immeasurable possibilities of the twentieth century lie wrapped up in the brains of the children of to-day, and one would give something to know the future career of such a boy as this little Neapolitan. Musical he certainly was, and poetical too, for he created a magical world of wonder all his own, and during that time a king might have envied him.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales,
And merrily merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in bight and bay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the land
Over the islands free;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the sand;
Hither, come hither and see;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising wave,
And sweet is the color of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be.

—TENNYSON.

AT last the human brain began to tire. Guide-books, time-tables, trains, became exceedingly burdensome by reason of their increasing demands upon health and strength. To find a retreat where picture galleries, museums, statuary, and cathedrals might exist only in the memory of delightful yesterdays was our crowning desire. The odor of the lotus had intoxicated until it acted like a narcotic, and to rest and dream seemed more blissful than to travel and conquer.

The sea beckoned alluringly, and would not be denied. Its violet waves played at our feet like happy maidens, twining and untwining their slender arms, and enticing to their soft embraces. The dome of a

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myosotis sky curved down to a myosotis world of water, and in this hollow sphere, whose outermost walls were enameled in shimmering blue, a great bird spread its white wings and bore us swiftly from the queen lily far out to a tiny bud called by the enchanting name of Inarimé, or Ischia.

What tales the breezes could have brought from the shores had our ears been attuned to listen! Of Ulysses and his crew, who loved the lotus. Of beauteous Portia, dying by her own hand when Brutus went to Greece, and left her alone on the island of Nisida. Of Lake Avernus, which the ancients thought was the entrance to the infernal regions; and of the cave of the Cumæan sibyl whence Virgil makes Æneas descend to the lower world. Of the apostle Paul, who said: "And after one day the south wind blew and we came the next day to Puteoli" (Pozzuoli), where he tarried a week, gathering strength for his subsequent struggle at Rome; of Diocletian, who afterward so cruelly murdered the Christians in the arena at the same place where Paul rested.

Greek, Roman, Christian, Goth, and Vandal, all had lived their little span, had built temples and dwellings, had fought and bled and died upon the islands and shores of the Neapolitan Bay. They had been overcome successively by one another, had been engulfed by earthquakes, or covered up by volcanic eruptions.

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The passion of the earth still seethed under the crust, and only ten years before Ischia had felt its power, the town of Casamicciola being almost totally destroyed. Nothing could deter those whose lives had been spared from building new homes next to the ruins of the old.

At last our mariners furled their sails, and before us rose Inarimé, a hanging garden, a "rainbow-pearl," its volcanic soil generously feeding cascades of flowers and leaves that tumbled over the rocks in iridescent waves of pink and purple and green. *Pergolas* of vines covered with long bunches of rounding fruit, like those cut down at the brook called Eshcol, decorated every ascending terrace. Oranges, lemons, nespole, yellowed in the sun. Tinted houses, white bell-towers, oriental roofs, added their notes to the noble symphony of color. Here and there jutted out a castle on a rock, its foundation stones so gray that no one could tell where nature's work ended and man's began; both being covered with sweet-scented ivy and surrounded by huge striped cacti.

Such was the castle of Ischia, now a prison, where Vittoria Colonna lived when first married to her noble consort the Marquis Pescara. One can imagine her later, sitting alone at her tower window, looking far to the west, as the sun sank behind the purpling Abruzzis, and writing her absent lord the impassioned letters that cheered him during his exile in France; and later still, when, as a broken-hearted widow, she sat in the same

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place and composed the ode to her dead soldier-husband, "that gained her the title of Divine."

> "She knew the life-long martyrdom,
> The weariness, the endless pain,
> Of waiting for some one to come,
> Who nevermore would come again."

During the seven years following, Vittoria Colonna lived at Inarimé, her soul constantly refined and purified by grief. A life of solitude and of meditation strengthened and ennobled her as it does all spiritual natures, for she communed with the Highest. She watched day by day through the changing seasons the ever-shifting panorama of the Mediterranean. She studied the wondrous play of color from the time "jocund day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain-top," until the sun sank to sleep in a bed of burning roses. The moon-lit nights, with their majestic sky-pageants moving athwart the southern heavens, and duplicating themselves in the dark purple sea below, appealed to her fervent and poetic temperament with a never-ceasing charm. All unconsciously she thus fashioned herself for that other pure white soul she was destined to meet at Rome, and which was inspired to pour forth melodies unsuspected before her coming.

> "Great Michelangelo, with age grown bleak
> And uttermost labours, having once o'ersaid
> All grievous memories on his long life shed,
> This worst regret to one true heart could speak:—

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That when, with sorrowing love and reverence meek,
He stooped o'er sweet Colonna's dying bed,
His Muse and dominant Lady, spirit-wed —
Her hand he kissed, but not her brow or cheek.

"O Buonarruoti,— good at Art's fire-wheels
To urge her chariot! even thus the Soul
Touching at length some sorely-chastened goal,
Earns oftenest but a little: her appeals
Were deep and mute,— lowly her claim. Let be:
What holds for her Death's garner? And for thee?"*

Humanity draws nearer divinity in the lives of Vittorria Colonna and Michael Angelo. Their serene and lofty friendship has placed them so high above ordinary mortals that no ignoble thought has ever dared cast a shadow across the shining pedestal upon which the two melodious names are written. Their memory is like a garden of flowers that loses none of its wealth of purest fragrance though constantly shedding it abroad.

* Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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CHAPTER XIX.

Hebe 's here, May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny;
And the miser-bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey.
— ALDRICH.

CASAMICCIOLA, one of the five Ischian towns, seemed the fittest place for our sojourn. To reach the hotel, with its classic name of "Pithæcusa," we ascended a sloping path that wound about high walls, over which the pink ivy-geranium and the pale purple caper rioted in sheer wantonness of bloom. The hotel, on an eminence overlooking the sea, was tinted a delicate lavender, as were all the walls that surrounded its charming rose-garden. The proprietor, Signor Mirabella, welcomed us with old-fashioned courtesy, and showed with pride his balconied rooms neat as wax,— some with a view over the town sloping down to the beach and the boats, and some with an outlook toward Mount Epomeo, an extinct volcano under which the Latin poets represented Typhœus, the fire-breathing giant, as making his home. The house being quite empty, there was an "embarrassment of riches," but details were soon settled, as a glass corridor running along two sides of the hotel gave one both views.

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Six o'clock dinner found us at table in an attractive dining-room on the ground floor. It was almost all French windows and glass doors, and produced the effect of sitting in the open air. Only two other guests were present, blue-eyed, fair-haired brothers, sons of Belgium, who, following the pretty European custom, saluted us as we took our places,— nay, more, they arose and bowed as they would have done at home. When they found we were from America, the ice was broken at once. Although all the modern languages came readily from their tongues, English was the language at table in deference to us, excepting when the brothers disagreed, and then their arguments were always made in French.

Shall we ever forget our first evening at Casamicciola! Our new home stood in the midst of a garden full of great mounds of marguerites, splendid roses, orange and lemon trees in bloom, and rich with fruit, an enormous magnolia grandiflora, whose lustrous white blossoms shone like silver chalices, and arbors covered with grape-vines. At night, when the brilliant southern moon shone into this garden with a charm that enhanced every beauty, when the evening breeze sighing up from the sea lured forth the exquisitely subtle odor of all the flowers, when the roses exhaled their fragrant souls, and the myriad-throated nightingale sang to the firefly as she lit and relit her evening lamp,—

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"The holy time was quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration."

The next morning we became acquainted with the personnel of the hotel. Signor Mirabella smiled as he introduced the smiling Signora. Marie the German maid smiled as she said: "Guten Morgen"— an odd sound in Ischia. The *portier* Luigi smiled as he asked us whether we needed anything from Naples, as he intended to ride over on the steamer. Christoforo the head-waiter smiled as he asked us how we had slept. Peppina the little Cinderella smiled as she clattered about on her wooden shoes, and helped Signora arrange bunches of flowers that were piously placed before the figure of a bleeding Christ, drooping in a niche in the garden wall.

The poet brother planned to show us the loveliest views, so we started for a walk; the philosopher brother having long before breakfast set out in quest of a certain wild orchid that persisted in eluding his vigilant eyes.

The perfect weather was a constant source of delight. Sirocco, the hot south wind from Africa, had forgotten to blow, and there was no dust on the vegetation. The wild-flowers were so abundant and so varied that our speech was one continued and prolonged exclamation. Yellow, blue, white, and red anemones; pink, white, and pale-blue blue-bells; violets, tall stalks of silvery

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asphodel, forget-me-nots, luxuriant beds of white alyssum, dainty mosses and ferns, especially the maidenhair, bunches of coronilla blossoms, and the yellow broom, or genista, that looked like gold and smelled like honey, grew seemingly out of cinders. The soil had welled up from the very heart of Mother Earth herself, who was full of love for her children. The walls lining the roadside were made of rubble cemented together. In one crevice an exuberant pink rose had rooted itself and grew horizontally out into the world, defying any hot-house plant to excel its clusters in fragrance and beauty.

Before the day was over we went down to the *marina* or beach. Here two contracts were made, one with Francesco, a reliable sailor who had a fine new row-boat, and also owned a splendid yacht, the other with Michel, who possessed two good horses to use alternately, and a strong carriage. Michel was a character. He prided himself on his English, of which he knew one sentence, namely: "Me guta coachamahni," and also upon his Parisian French, which consisted of some words in that language always with the Italian endings.

For instance, the first time he drove us he enjoyed pointing out the new houses, calling them: "Toute-a nouvelle-a maisonni"; and then sighing over the ruins never removed since the earthquake he would say: "Toute-a antique-a maisonni," turning in his seat to

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demand: "Madame comprenn?" His delight knew no bounds when I answered: "Oh, yes, Michel, I comprenn," because he thought I was conversing with him in English. His two Franco-Italian phrases were used in many places after we learned them. "Toute-a nouvelle-a maisonni" and "toute-a antique-a maisonni" became household words.

The evening of the second day brought a treat in the shape of one of those marvellous Italian sunsets that are never believed in on canvas by stay-at-homes, because supposed to be overdone. No artist can possibly do justice to such a scene. It is the finite trying to paint the Infinite, and at once finding its limitations. The pen is feebler yet, but when it is the only means of holding the picture it must be used. For a better view I ran up-stairs to the end of the glass corridor—and stood spell-bound. Below me stretched the now pale-blue Mediterranean, its ardor having failed before the gigantic panorama of colors, right above the horizon line. To my left, were the light green vineyards, and the dark green mountain slopes. Behind them, "the king of day had stepped down into the sea," and, as a farewell, sent up a parting signal to the cloud-courtiers floating in his retinue. They were a mass of liquid fire, reflecting the glory of their departing sovereign. As my glance left the mountains, and the horizon was uninterrupted, the light blue of the water was

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met by a luminous brick-red. Above it a broad line of dark orange, higher a lighter amber, until nature had struck every note in the gamut of burning yellows. More to the right were the Abruzzis, gloriously outlined in amethyst; then where sea and sky met once more, the clouds were on fire on the underside, and burned slowly through to the hither surfaces, in tender pinks and lavenders. High up in the heavens rested an enormous plume, shaded the most delicate salmon, that was suffused with celestial blushes. Nearer to the sun again, and so, more ardent, there was a mass of cloud that took the form of the headless "Victory," but blood-red, not marble-white.

Slowly pink became dove-color, red changed to pink, yellow faded into tawny brown, and a magnificent Turneresque sunset passed into the never-to-be-forgotten. Its phantom, still suggesting color, hung long in the sky, until a solitary hermit's lamp on Epomeo's crest twinkled up a greeting to the evening star, which trembled with love near the moon that "swung into the blue with all her light."

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CHAPTER XX.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

—TENNYSON.

THE poet brother was something of a musician, and played the flute with more than the skill of a mere dilettante. He had rather a delicate physique, and a face that one might wish to meet again. Its chief features were deep blue eyes that seemed to see beyond externals, and a very sensitive mouth. Had it not been for the firmly moulded chin, the countenance might almost have been called effeminate. It needed only a short acquaintance, however, to satisfy one that the poet brother was a manly man, and that there was also in him the subtle something we admire in the noblest women.

He had the rare faculty of discovering the hidden capabilities of those with whom he came in contact, and "enriching them with what was before their own, but which they never would have gathered without the solvent of his touch"; furthermore, the instinct to protect and care for others was always alert, and his sympathetic nature attracted him to the A. Boy at once.

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The two became firm friends, and no excursion seemed complete unless the child was a member of the party.

The philosopher brother, an amateur botanist, had a very well-informed mind, having read and traveled much, and was a delightful conversationalist. A Goth in appearance, with a shaggy mane of flaxen hair, and a slightly darker beard, blessed with the thinker's blue eyes and abundant health, he was accustomed to taking long tramps about the island in search of specimens of rare plants, orchids being his especial delight. Of these he was passionately fond.

His heart was set on finding a "Cypripedium caudatum," an aristocratic "lady's-slipper" having two trailing appendages that gave it a curious and very foreign look. I shall never forget his joy when he finally placed the long-looked-for treasure on the dinner table. He gave us a detailed account of the flower's beautiful and intricate construction, with its "trap-doors and winding staircases"; explaining at the same time the wonderful habits of plant and insect life, discovered while studying the manner in which the different species of orchids perpetuate themselves. The almost reverent manner in which he spoke of Darwin's work in the same field showed how keenly he appreciated the labors of a true scientist.

The rose-garden which overlooked a sloping terrace covered with grape-vines, and from which the odor of

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wild jasmine was wafted up to us, was always our meeting place in the evening. First, there was a quiet time for watching any new effects nature might have to offer; then there was some tender music, often graceful and harmonious improvisations, in keeping with our surroundings; afterwards a short talk. No matter how our conversations began, they invariably ended with Italy. Her marvelous history, her beauty, her importance to the world of art, what she had once meant to musicians, what she meant to them to-day; the "Blacks" and the "Whites," the papal and the court parties at Rome, and their intrigues; the desire of Italy to shine in the "Triple Alliance," and the grievous taxation of the people necessary to support her immense army and navy; the despair of the peasants, who with an incredible number of crops during one season could never hope to own their homes, and so, crushed in spirit, wandered forth to inhospitable shores. The poet was an optimist, and insisted that some time, some how, Italy would once more take her former place as a leader amongst the nations, quoting Petrarch's —

"— the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name."

His cooler brother declared that the Latin races had played their part in the world's drama, and must give way to the Teutonic, who were in the front of the stage and insisted on being heard.

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The brothers were not agreed, either, as to the value of the literary men in Italy, and an animated discussion ensued one evening regarding the poets before and since the pope had lost his temporal power. The philosopher explained that for fifty years preceding the unification the one supreme subject in the minds of thinking men had been liberty. Just at the time when the bitterest struggle of the liberals against the church party was at its height, Giosuè Carducci lit a blazing torch that flamed furiously all over the country, with his "Hymn to Satan"; and in stentorian tones the speaker declaimed:

"Salute, o Satana,
O ribellione,
O forza vindici
Della ragione."

"Hail to thee Satan,
Hail the Rebellion;
Hail, of the Reason
The Great Vindicator."

Adding other verses, such as:

"Already trembles
The mitre and crowns;
Forth from the cloisters
Moves the rebellion.

"Off goes the tunic
Of Martin Luther.
Off go the fetters
That bind human thought."

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And then Carducci's own description of a poet, which especially pleased the philosopher:

> "The poet is a worker bold and free,
> A craftsman strong
> In his song.
> Thews of steel he has, and high
> Bears his head, with neck robust."

I saw a shadow pass over the expressive face of the poet brother at this recital. I knew he felt that the true singer must be something more, that he must build up as well as tear down, give as well as take. His remark that Queen Marguerite in her literary friendship with Carducci seemed to inspire the latter with new ideals was met with the sententious: "Soit! Le diable reste, malgré la reine!"—"Let it be so! the devil remains in spite of the queen."

Both brothers, although baptized Roman Catholics, had emancipated themselves from the church and with dissimilar results. The one knew no god but reason; the other, with a different temperament, sought his happiness in nature, and the poets that had arisen all over Italy since one flag floated above her were his especial delight. He was familiar with them all, however, no matter to what school they belonged,— the Venetians, Betteloni, Boito, Fogazzaro, and Zardo, with the rich coloring natural to their home; the more subdued Lombards, Arnaboldi, Fontana, and Ada Negri; the patriotic Piedmontese, De Amicis, Graf, and Ferrero, with

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their lofty strain from the mountains; the Tuscans, Carducci, Gnoli, Panzacchi, and Stecchetti, proud of the purity of the tremendous birthright accorded to them especially; and the Neapolitans, d' Annunzio and Perotti, flaming out in verse as brilliant as their own environment.

From the many quotations the poet brother gave, it was easy to see that the great central truth which moves the world to-day, the new idea of beauty Christ came into the world to teach, found but little favor with the modern Italian poets. Carducci, as leader, had called up a powerful ally in his "Satan," and the work was well done. Breaking with the church meant breaking with every form of faith in something higher, better, and diviner than he was himself. It was a reversion to an old type that has never really died in the Latin races, but simply slumbers until awakened by some such powerful singer as Carducci. A believer in metempsychosis might easily prove his theory by using this poet to point an argument.*

The philosopher brother did not seem to miss anything needful to him, in listening to the Italian song of the present, but was content with its note of fortitude and stoicism which reminded him of the classic writers. The poet brother was still in his "storm and stress" period, and the new school, full of modern ideas, full of

*See "Italian Lyrists of To-Day," by G. A. Greene.

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the nature he loved, and described in a refined and elevated manner, satisfied the æsthetic side of his composition at least.

As the music of the evening bells came up from the little church of Maria Maddalena down by the sea, as those of Santa Restituta across the inlet pealed back an answer, he quoted from Fogazzaro:

> "Let us pray for the immense
> Pain of the universe,
> That lives its life intense,
> Loves, suffers Thine adverse
> Inscrutable decrees.
> Peace to the wave, to the hill,
> These voices, too, be still:
> O beat o' the bronze, be still!
> Peace!"

As he finished I hoped his selection was not the result of any personal experience of what the sorrow of the world, the "Weltschmerz," meant. He was too young for that, and yet so finely attuned that his was just the nature to realize with swift intuition that —

> "This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
> But under all there runs a loud perpetual wail of souls in pain."

I wished that the time might soon come when he could feel sure that poetry has a higher mission in the world than simply existing for itself,—could realize that it is a gift from God, and must lead back to Him.

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CHAPTER XXI.

"But he who has all single-handed stood
With foes invisible on every side,
And, unsuspected of the multitude,
The force of fate itself has dared, defied,
And conquered silently,—
Ah! that soul knows
In what white heat the blood of triumph glows."

ONE day our circle was widened. A Russian artist in the habit of going to Ischia every year for the beneficial effect of the hot mineral baths, took up his abode in the garden next to ours. The A. Boy's ball rolling near his easel soon after, started an acquaintanceship that added greatly to the enjoyment of our stay.

The Russian was a very attractive-looking man, and, when seated, fitted with every line and curve into the fervid southern landscape. His hair was dark, and stood up in a close "pompadour" above a very white forehead. Long and brown lashes shaded steady hazel eyes and gave them a startlingly intense look at times. His cheeks were a brilliant red. A dark mustache partly covered very red lips, that curved away occasionally in a smile so sad, it could only have been born of suffering. He was taller than most men, and would have been beautiful as a young god, had he not in walk-

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ing dragged his left leg in a pitiful manner. He was obliged, also, to bend forward somewhat to give himself additional support, evidently scorning the help of a cane. Upon invitation he joined us one evening, and was enticed into telling his story, as follows:

"I was born at St. Petersburg, of parents able to educate me as a lawyer. I already filled a government position, with every prospect of a speedy advance, when I met with an accident that changed my entire career. Blessed with superabundant health and strength, my chief delight had been athletic sports. Horseback riding, swimming, dancing, sleighing, were unstintedly indulged in, as my vitality seemed inexhaustible. One day I imprudently attempted to swim beyond my distance, the strain resulting in a violent cold that settled in my left hip. A long siege of illness followed, almost unendurable to one of my active habits. Finally an unsuccessful operation upon the limb rendering me an invalid and possibly a cripple for life, my physicians advised leaving Russia forever and taking up my residence in Florence.

"There life became a nightmare. Separated from my friends, not strong enough to take active exercise, with no means at my command to pass the time except reading, and even favorite authors palling, I was about to give up in despair when I accidentally made the acquaintance of an American. He was a designer of in-

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terior decorations and an enthusiastic admirer of Italy and her history.

"One day he prevailed upon me to accompany him to the Palazzo Vecchio, whose long flights of stone staircases had always prevented my visiting its interesting rooms. By the kind assistance and encouragement of my new friend I finally reached the 'Hall of the Banners.' Never shall I forget the effect that lofty apartment with its carved wooden ceiling and its walls frescoed with soft old paintings made upon me.

"In the centre of the room, on a green marble pedestal, rested a Carrara marble bust of Dante Alighieri. All around him in stately rows bent the banners of Italy. Every city and guild was represented, and they were a glorious company. White, red, blue, green, and yellow silk flags fastened to gold-headed staffs, and richly embroidered with crosses, crowns, lions, and dragons, stood like sentinel-angels guarding one of the redeemed.

"And Dante is content so. His face full of spirituality does not seem so unutterably sad as we always conceive it. There is a quietly happy look about the whole countenance, for the sculptor Romanelli knew that nothing would so satisfy the patriot-poet, as the realization of his dream that one day Italy should be united.

"Descending into the open air again, my friend and

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I halted for a moment at the equestrian fountain near the entrance to the palace. He remarked that it occupied the very spot upon which a hideous fire once raged. Doves flew to the water and bathed in it, or rested on the marble horses and cooed softly to each other. We wondered whether the Florentines hoped to wash out the dreadful stain left by a martyr's death, when Savonarola was burned there.

"The stories of these two 'grim heroes' who had suddenly become so real to me compelled the belief that my lot in life was not so deplorable after all. True, I was an exile like one of them, and almost a prisoner like the other, but I was free to live in Florence, and I determined to try and love it. I dragged myself about the picture galleries and museums, and finally decided to learn to draw. A beautiful new world opened its treasures before me at once. I was happy, and considerably surprised as well, as no member of my family had ever shown the slightest talent in the same direction.

"Since then I have lived in the galleries of Italy, and have studied all her great masters. I have found my other, my better self, and I have to thank my misfortune for what I know about Italian art. It has been my best physician."

Here the Russian's face was illuminated by a wonderful smile. The moon was shining full upon him,

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and as he raised his hat and ran his long, thin fingers through his dark hair, I thought only a man proud as this one must have been of his personal appearance could realize the force of those last remarks.

It was quiet in the rose-garden for a little space. The philosopher brother had learned a lesson in a new kind of fortitude. The poet brother's ideals had risen into unaccustomed realms. Josephus walked away, saying: "Wie die Rosen duften!" — "How fragrant the roses are!" — to hide his emotions, and the A. Boy was quietly weeping in the shadow of his friend's chair. Only the year before, he too had been stretched on a bed of pain. Nothing but prompt medical skill had prevented his going halting through life, physically, like the artist; and I,—I thanked God that some men were made just a little lower than the angels.

When Josephus came back, the conversation was renewed. It was not easy for the speaker to talk long at a time as his breathing troubled him. His brilliant color was no doubt the result of a tendency toward consumption. Continuing he said:

"I have long felt that Italy needs what France has enjoyed, some one to paint the daily life of the common people, — the homely surroundings of the peasants; the mother, cooking on her charcoal stove beneath the eaves; the father bringing home his little cart full of grass for the donkey; the children, playing under

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the trees; the old grandmother, spinning in the doorway; the gossips chattering in the middle of the narrow streets, each one with her curved needles flying in and out of a long stocking. The self-sacrifice of the old for the young; their submission under a yoke that would gall a less childlike race, and their joyousness when there is the slightest provocation to be happy.

"I once had a curious experience with a little picture accepted for the "Beaux Arts" exhibition at Florence. The subject was simple enough, just a poor little mountain town and three people climbing a steep path towards the church situated at the top of a hill. They were an old father and mother, with bowed heads and folded hands, going with their soldier-son to pray to Madonna once more for his safe return. The boy was young and lithe, one of those wiry little Italian sharpshooters, wearing a stiff black hat set jauntily on one side of his head, and almost hidden under a great plume of green and black cock's feathers. He was the last in the road, and had the back of his hand to his eyes to hide the tears he could not help shedding.

"One day some one knocked at my studio door. Upon opening it I found a soldier, who came in quietly, saying, 'Signore, did you ever see me before?'

"I told him that I could not recall his face. He seemed disappointed, and answered: 'But, Signore, you have painted my father and mother and me at

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Montanilla. I saw the picture at the exposition. That is just the way I went to church with them some years ago, and I have come to ask a favor of you because I thought you knew all about us. You see—I—I—well —I used to send them a little money occasionally to buy the Chianti that makes old people feel young again, and for some time they have had none. Now, Signore, could you write a letter to our *curato* and find out for me whether the father and mother are still alive? I can write. Oh, yes, I can write, Signore. I have learned since being a soldier, but I would rather you would do it. You see my hands are large, and pen-holders are so small. My gun suits me better.'

"Of course I wrote the letter. One week passed, two weeks, three weeks, and at last we had our answer. The soldier sat down on a chair in the studio to listen, squaring himself manfully in his delight. I broke the seal and began. The letter was written with very pale ink in a wavering, undecided hand, and I deciphered it slowly. His father was dead. His mother, the same loving heart she had always been, was happy, so happy her Luciano had not forgotten her. She had always said he would one day write her again. If he could only come to her, fold her in his strong arms as he used to, call her 'madre mia,' smooth her hair, and pat her cheek, she could die content.

"During my reading, which was accomplished with

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some difficulty, I had not looked up. When I did I saw the soldier's head had fallen forward on his breast and his hat lay on the floor. I limped toward him: he had fainted! A dash of cold water, a swallow of brandy, soon put life into him again, and he begged my pardon for having caused me so much trouble; then he broke down completely. Resting his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands, he wept as only a homesick Italian soldier can weep. I waited until the storm had passed away, and then promised to see his colonel and obtain for him, if possible, a leave of absence. Fortunately his officer was not a hard-hearted man, and if the old mother did not die of joy before Luciano could get to her she has ere this heard his 'madre mia.'"

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CHAPTER XXII.

Tragic, erect, where sands o'er waters rise,
A woman stretches out her white arms bare;
The wet wind beats upon her face and hair
With sling-like sound, and, hissing, onward flies.
— ARMANDO PEROTTI.

ONE day, when the wind was favorable, we all hastened down to the *marina*. Francesco and his partner Menico had already hoisted sail. The floor of their yacht was covered with a striped rug, and gay cushions made the seats comfortable. To my surprise, flags floated from bow and stern,— the red, white, and green, and the beauteous stars and stripes, both of silk, and spotless. As Francesco helped me on board, he said, pointing to the American flag: "For you, Signora," adding that he never displayed his treasures unless a woman honored his boat with her presence. A Raleigh could not have been more courteous. I was happy to see the emblem of my native land once more, and told Francesco his yacht was "molto bello," because both his country's flag and mine decorated it. This pleased him very much, and he took off his old fur cap for a moment, and then sprang to the ropes. It is a curious fact that whereas Italian women of the lower orders

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are always bareheaded, Italian men of the same class are seldom seen without a hot kind of head-covering, that seems to have done duty for generations.

The sea seemed thrilled by some unseen power as we left the shore. Nothing but a bird swaying on the topmost branch of a tall tree in a forest could have had the sense of absolute freedom we felt that day. The water was blue as far as the eye could reach, and especially beautiful in color where it contrasted sharply with the white fringes of the waves running out from under the bow of the boat.

Away we flew over the sensitive face of the water-world, to where great corks, bobbing up and down, showed that long fish-nets were suspended. Going nearer to a boat-load of men, we saw them draw in with a united effort a blue and silver tunny fish as long as a man. So powerful was the monster that it was killed with difficulty, and its blood stained the water for acres. The red, white, and blue below us was not as pretty as that in the boat, and I begged to sail away.

Our first stopping-place was the "Haunted Towers," a spick-and-span-new Norman castle built on a great rock, that formed an island in the sea. A circuitous path led up to the buildings, and the whole of the rock on that side was overgrown with the mesembryanthemum, a lovely, many-petaled, rose-colored flower, having a fleshy, elongated, pale-green leaf. So luxuriant

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were both, so completely did they curtain the rock, it seemed as if a great wrathful wave from the bottom of the sea had dashed in anger against the foundations of the castle, and left sea-anemones and mermaids' tears dripping everywhere. Cause for weeping there surely had been, and bitter sobs were heard one day, behind the cruel tower walls.

It seems that a rich Neapolitan count wished to enjoy the society of his wife in the manner most pleasing to himself, and so purchased the rock-island, and at great expense built a feudal castle of white marble upon it. In front was a fine esplanade, decorated with trees and flowers, and containing a chapel, stables, and offices. A broad barbican, a moat, swinging bridges, and a double portcullis, led to high vaulted apartments. The rooms for the family were entered by a grand staircase, and a donjon or keep had not been forgotten. There was even an *oubliette*, opening directly into the sea. Drawbridges, and numerous battlemented towers finished the whole.

Around my lady's chamber, a circular room pierced by narrow slits of windows, ran an inscription in Latin, referring to the kind of a wife Solomon thought above rubies. One day, the countess forgot to look up — at the proverb — as she went out, and the result of her carelessness was, that her husband found it necessary to fight a duel with another count, and killed him.

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Investigation proved his rival had not discharged his weapon, whereupon the count took the dead man's pistol, placed it in his own mouth, and fired. The countess sprang from her tower into the sea, and the sea fairies pitied her and kept her.

The castle is silent and deserted. It impresses one as being out of harmony with its surroundings because it is so new. Nothing is old about it but its story, and that is as old as Helen.

Inarimé is twenty miles in circumference, and a day is needed to sail around it. It has grottoes as blue as the famous one at Capri. The sides of the hills are honey-combed with long cool vaults for storing the fiery Ischian wine used for mixing with other and lighter Italian varieties. Every turn of the boat gives one some new and magical combination of mountain, sea, and sky. As the opalescent twilight began and the breeze was too weary to blow us back home, the sails were dropped, the oars dipped with a will, and chanting softly to themselves —

> "Forget me not in twilight, morn, or even,
> When on the waves the stars sink smilingly.
> I think of thee as saints converse in heaven,
> Forget not me"—

Francesco and Menico landed us safely at the water-steps.

We were tired and subdued, and so were tempted to

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enter the church of Maria Maddalena built close to the water-side. It was illuminated by many burning candles and decorated with wax figures in glass cases. They represented bleeding Christs, saints showing the stigmata, and innumerable Magdalens and Madonnas, costing the poor fishermen much labor and many sacrifices before they could earn all the money necessary to buy them. In one case was the figure of "Mary the Mother of Sorrows," ludicrous had it not been so pitiful. She was represented life-size. Her head, decorated with a tin crown placed rakishly on one side, was thrown haughtily back, at an angle which made the neck of the beholder ache. Her dress was black silk, appropriate for mourning, and cut *en train*. The front from neck to hem was exquisitely wrought in a broad spray of gold roses and leaves, evidently convent work. Over the place where a woman's heart is supposed to be there was fastened a tin heart gashed all around with knives; and the right hand held out mincingly, and far away from the eyes, an imitation white lace handkerchief. That is the way Mary is supposed to have mourned her dead son. May the shade of Michael Angelo protect the beauty-loving Italian from such nineteenth century realism!

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CHAPTER XXIII.

The four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet are still runic enigmas to him. He passes by on the other side; and that great spiritual kingdom, the toil-won conquest of his own brothers, all that his brothers have conquered, is a thing not extant for him. An invisible empire; he knows it not, suspects it not. . . . Heavier wrong is not done under the sun.— CARLYLE.

DAYS grew into weeks, and the lotus-bud never lost its charm. Drives with Michel, excursions to the ridge of Epomeo on sure-footed donkeys, talks with the hermit who lived in a cave in the rocks, sails and rows with Francesco, music and conversations in the rose-garden, filled the hours full of an ideal existence. Life was like a

"blue sapphire, clasping all the lights
That flash in the girdle of the year so fair."

The first change came when the philosopher and the poet said "*addio*," and sailed back to Naples. We were seriously thinking of starting north ourselves, when the artist advised us to stay until Corpus Christi day to see the procession and enjoy the illuminations. The festival occurred the last week in May, but as the bishop could only officiate in one place at a time, Sunday, the fifth of June, was set for the celebration at

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Casamicciola, of the turning of the holy eucharist into the real body and presence of Christ.

Signora had already told me with a great deal of pride that she intended to take a very important part in the exercises of the day, and was busy doing her share. We were interested to learn that the Pithæcusa was to be decorated for the occasion and we decided to stay.

Carpenters came up from the village, and, under Signora's directions, aided by Giuseppe, the gardener, the frame-work of a tiny Gothic temple was erected, at the head of the sloping path that descended through the hotel grounds to the road, a distance of at least two hundred feet. When the skeleton of the mimic cathedral was ready it was covered with white linen, which made the inside walls; gay Roman blankets of silk and wool being used to form the outside covering. It reminded one in its coloring of the tabernacle that Moses erected at the command of the Lord. The doorway was framed with white lace curtains draped back with ropes of flowers. A wreath of blossoms encircling a bleeding heart fashioned of partly opened red roses hung between the dainty portières and a bunch of flowers accentuated the point on the roof. An altar was then raised inside and covered with soft drapery, almost hidden by great vases of cut flowers and tall candles in silver candlesticks. Above them hung a simple picture of our Saviour, not

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suffering or thorn-crowned, but gentle and compassionate. It was an inexpensive reprint, and I could learn nothing of the artist who had conceived the original. A pretty carpet covered the floor of the church and extended out over the three steps that raised the structure from the ground.

Everything seemed in exquisite taste, until Peppina came flying up the path carrying a little wax *Bambino* in her arms. Its crown, raying out like the sun, fell off and clattered on the gravel. Peppina in her fright stepped on it and bent it. She tried in vain to fasten it in its place, her face growing very pale as she found her efforts unsuccessful. Finally she succeeded in jamming the crown into the yielding wax of the *Bambino's* head, and the figure was placed in triumph on the altar at last. It added nothing to the effect of the whole from an artistic or religious point of view, but perhaps I was not a good judge.

Almost the whole night before the *festa* had been spent at the Pithæcusa in stripping the coronilla blossoms and the fragrant genista from their green stalks. Many, many basketfuls, were carried up from some subterranean place on Sunday morning, and Giuseppe covered the entire walk, from the temple to the gate, with yellow flowers. So thickly did he spread them that not a particle of the cement was visible. Incredible patience and true religious zeal must have been

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necessary, to prepare the immense amount of blossoms required to cover so much ground. When finished it could be compared to nothing but the street of gold in the book of Revelation.

On either side of the path the gardener placed pots of flowers; then, bringing huge baskets of scarlet geraniums, he made geometrical figures in his yellow carpet. These were fashioned with great skill, and I noticed when a flower was placed it remained. There was no guessing on Giuseppe's part.

The day was like all our other Ischian days. The birds sang their gayest and happiest songs, the flowers spent their sweetest odors, the little tabernacle and the heavenly path leading to it seemed marvels of beauty. While I was wondering at the true artistic feeling displayed everywhere, Signora appeared and gave the gardener three long strips of heavy brown paper that looked like patterns. Kneeling down carefully before the steps, and laying the models upon the fragrant buds, Giuseppe covered his designs thickly with heliotrope, and bordered them all about with fair white alyssum. He had now used all the colors that glowed in the veil of Solomon's temple, and that beautify the pages of every illuminated missal,— purple, white, scarlet, and gold. The missing blue was in the sky.

When he had deftly placed the last flower, and had

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left, I stepped closer to see what he had arranged, and found only strange hieroglyphics something like this:

Very curious to know what they could mean, I called to Marie who just then appeared, as eager as I to see Giuseppe's work, and asked her to explain the mystery to me. She said the symbols represented the motto for the day: "Verum Christi Sacramentum"—"The true Sacrament of Christ." Marie was a good church-woman and very intelligent.

"But," I expostulated, "those letters are placed wrong. They do not mean anything; they will never do!"

"That is true," she replied, "but you know Giuseppe cannot read."

"What!" I exclaimed, "Giuseppe cannot read, and he has made the beautiful golden street, and decorated the altar and the little temple with so much taste! Why, he is an artist!"

"None of the men in Ischia can read," Marie explained. "Luigi does not know his letters. I can read and write. I was born in Germany." This with considerable pride.*

Luigi, good, kind Luigi, who always brought oranges and roses from Naples, saying they were different from

* Compulsory education has been in force only a short time in Ischia.

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those that grew at Ischia; who never went to the city without asking us whether we needed anything; who was so proud when entrusted with commissions and performed all his errands faithfully; Luigi, who carried shawls and rugs and books, and sprang to the artist's assistance whenever the latter appeared with easel and umbrella; who spoke German, French, Italian, and English, and who according to Charles the Fifth, was thus worth four men, — Luigi could not read! It seemed incredible. The birds did not sing as sweetly as before, the sunshine seemed to be growing dim, and the flowers had forgotten to send up their fragrance.

There was no time for moralizing, however. I told Marie it was a pity to have a procession walk the golden street, and see letters turned upside-down and sideways, so she offered to call Giuseppe. When he came, she pointed out his mistakes, I watching. Suddenly his face flamed crimson. Saying something under his breath, he stooped down and in an instant he had ruined his work forever. Picking up the offending letters, he crushed them into balls, flung them far out into the road, and departed.

There we stood, Marie and I, feeling as most women do when they have aroused a man's ire. I heartily wished I had not interfered. Marie was not daunted,

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however. Vaulting the low wall, she gathered up the letters, straightened them out, laid them in place correctly, and flew down-stairs for more purple and white. In an incredibly short time the

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smiled up at us almost as cleverly done as before, barring the inversions; and I, a Protestant, a Congregationalist in good standing, rejoiced with the Roman Catholic Marie, that they were well done and our mischief repaired.

Then I wondered where Giuseppe was. Fortunately for my peace of mind, I saw him at the far end of the path decorating the gate with festoons of flowers. He came towards the house in a few minutes, smiling as usual when he saw me, his wrath all gone. I blessed that one fine trait in the Italian character. Most of the race, at Inarimé at least, are too happy to be angry long.

By noon-time all the preparations were ready, and peace and Sabbath quiet settled down on Casamicciola for several hours. Leaning over the balcony before my window, I had a perfect view of the sloping flower-strewn path crowned by the little church. That the young man who had arranged it all so artistically could not read his letters, even when they were capitals and two

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feet high, disturbed me not a little. He had been shamefully deprived of his birthright, and there was a blot upon fair Italy's escutcheon, that beautiful Sunday in June.

Toward evening everybody began to stir. Signora Mirabella appeared in a new silk dress. Signor Mirabella carried a rose in his button-hole. Peppina was clothed in white, and had on leather shoes several sizes too large for her. Marie had donned her best garments, not forgetting her string of gold beads, and Giuseppe looked particularly well in a black velvet jacket and flowing scarlet tie, having given his dark curls an extra toss.

The music of a brass band was the signal that the procession was to leave the church. We could see it forming from our balcony. Winding in and out between the high garden walls, it finally came near enough so that we could distinguish the people composing it.

First came the musicians playing a waltz, then a guild of men and boys walking in pairs, holding lighted tapers and clad in white gowns and green capes. We recognized Francesco and Menico marching together. Then another guild in white gowns and blue capes, aiding the illumination. Following them, the bishop, carrying on high a jeweled monstrance, closely followed by four men protecting it with a baldachino wrought in silver

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on a blue ground. Then more priests and altar boys chanting and swinging silver incense kettles, all the ecclesiastics dressed in magnificently embroidered robes. Lastly, the aldermen of the village, leading little girls arrayed to represent angels, and completely covered with tiny bells whose jingling was supposed to keep away evil spirits.

Only the priests and the city fathers, with the angels, were allowed to walk the heavenly path. All the rest staid in the road. The aldermen knelt on the flowers, some of them placing their handkerchiefs down first to protect their clothing from possible stains. The bishop and his party passed into the temple and blessed everything it contained. As they neared the steps, I trembled for the motto. It was not disturbed; not a foot had touched the sacred symbols.

While the services were going on some men ran into the garden and fired off a row of bombs that made a hideous din, a connecting link between Roman Catholic and pagan worship. Suddenly the bell tinkled, and the people in the street, isolated figures in the rose-garden and in the gardens near, dropped on their knees. Men and women wept for joy and pride that the bishop was at Casamicciola, and that the *festa* of the holy eucharist was such a grand success. Josephus, the artist, and the A. Boy reverently took off their hats. The

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flush of the evening sun shone on their faces, and on all the kneeling worshippers, transfiguring everything it touched.

When the ceremony was over, the procession, headed by the dreadful brass band, and preceded by the bomb-exploders, marched over the hills to other altars. Its route could be easily traced by the lights which gleamed in the hands of the marchers. It was hours before they returned to the church, and I was sorry for the tired feet of the little angels with their drooping wings. The exercise was good for those who wore embroidery.

As electricity and gas are unknown at Ischia, the islanders have a way of their own for illuminating whole mountains if need be. Thousands of strong white paper bags are half filled with sand. This is hollowed down a trifle in the center, and holds a tiny Roman lamp full of olive oil that feeds a slender wick and burns for hours. Rows upon rows of these lanterns are placed on a hillside, and when lit produce a magical effect. The night of the Corpus Christi festival was resplendent with them. Every balcony, the tops of all the houses, every "coigne of vantage," was on fire.

Arches had been thrown across the main street bordering the sea and covered with innumerable red, white, and green glass tumblers, into which an army of boys and men dropped more burning lamps. The façade of

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the church of Maria Maddalena was lit in the same way, and gleamed like a rainbow.

The waves, as they bowed with delicate grace to the white beach, caught upon their snowy bosoms the three colors in Italia's banner. They broke into a thousand tints as the limpid water chaséed away, only to come back again for more prismatic illuminations. The stars rode upon the sea in dimly duplicated rows, but the moon was too young to part with more than a faint sweep of light. Following this with the eye to its farthermost edge, the horizon was lost in gloom. No boats were out, no torches lit up the sea's depths to aid the fisherman in catching his prey. The *festa* was of more importance than many fish.

Booths lined the street on either side. It was thronged with people frem all the Ischian towns parading back and forth in their best clothes, and buying toys, confectionary, and cakes. Luigi treated Peppina to some great slabs of candy, that must have been delicious by the way she ate when not smiling, and smiled when not eating.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.
— LOWELL.

IT was not an easy matter to say "so fare thee well" to Inarimé. Everyone about the hotel offered flowers, Signora going so far as to give me a bunch of roses from the altar, that were doubly precious in her sight because blessed by the bishop. The "*addios*" all said, we went to the *marina* for the last time. Francesco took us and our baggage into his staunchest boat, and his sturdy arms rowed us out to the steamer that lay in waiting for passengers to Naples. His fee paid and a *pourboire* added, the sailor turned toward the shore. Suddenly he altered his course, rowed back to the steamer, clambered up the rope ladder, sought me out in my corner of the deck, and, rough cap in hand, wished me once more "*buon viaggio.*" It was a little thing, but it showed that Francesco was one of "nature's noblemen."

Before landing at Naples, we paid a visit to the

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"Grotto of Sejanus," whose marvels the artist had praised. It is a tunnel extending upwards instead of the reverse, and it is said to have been excavated to connect Cumæ and Lake Avernus. A guide with a lighted torch precedes the visitors for some distance, and at a certain spot he halts and bids one turn and look. To the beholder's astonishment, there appears in the semi-circular opening of the grotto a brilliant sunlit picture in a frame. It is the town of Pozzuoli which is thus magically presented. To be surrounded by the blackness of night and suddenly see such a vision of loveliness makes one believe that dreams may possibly become realities.

Emerging from the opposite end of the tunnel, one has a charming view of Naples, its long rows of white houses, its tiled domes of many colors, its bay dotted with yachts, and of Vesuvius whose tall conical cap is ornamented with a delicate white plume.

Arrived at Naples, we sought out the poet brother and asked his advice how best to make the tour of the bay. It was finally decided to go by rail to Pompeii; thence to the temple of Neptune at Pæstum, and on to Salerno. Here a carriage, for which it would be necessary to telegraph in advance, would wait and drive us over a splendid road, built between sea and sky, and curving about the mountains whose lower slopes are a garden of wild-flowers, to Amalfi. A rest in the

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Cappuccini Hotel, once a monastery built on a rock towering far out of the sea, would be very welcome. Then a row on the beauteous Salernian bay to Projano, where another carriage drive as inspiring as the first one would take us to the orange groves and rose hedges of Sorrento. Here steamboats and sailboats render every point in the vicinity accessible, and one can finally return to Naples and make the circle complete.

Such a trip marks an epoch in a human being's life. The memory of it is indescribably beautiful. If there is nothing so rare as a day in June, surely its charm is enhanced many times under the Italian sky, with the temperature perfect for moving about, and with every turn in the landscape a curve of beauty. The Greeks knew why they loved southern Italy.

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CHAPTER XXV.

. . . The passion, and the pain
Of hearts that long have ceased to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or are to be.
— LONGFELLOW.

THE giant Vesuvius had been asleep for ages. A premonitory symptom of approaching wakefulness was given in the year 63 A. D., when an earthquake shock partly destroyed the city of Pompeii. The inhabitants were busily engaged in rebuilding their shattered houses, when they were overpowered by a volcanic eruption which carried devastation all about the Bay of Naples. A rain of cinders, fine stones, and white ashes, some of which was carried as far as Constantinople, completely covered Pompeii and Herculaneum. This mass of matter, which fell to the depth of about seventy feet, became consolidated by the action of water, and in time the very site of the sister cities was lost.

Above them, men once more made their homes, and abundant harvests of corn and wine and olives grew out of the curious-looking soil. Many generations of men and women came and went. One day a peasant began to dig a well, hoping to find water, and found instead Pompeii, that had been blotted out of existence for six-

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teen and one-half centuries. Thus accidentally was a buried city once more given to the world, and archæological lore enriched in an unparalleled manner.

To look at Pompeii a day is worth a year's reading about it, for no words can describe its pathos. The narrow streets paved with large square blocks of black lava, clean and polished with much friction, still show the deep ruts in which carriage wheels formerly ran. Sidewalks raised above the streets on either side, with broad stepping-stones at the crossings, contain here and there well-defined hollows, where incessant hurrying feet had worn the hard basalt away. Dwelling houses two stories high, now open to the gaze of every curious stranger, showing tiny gardens in the centre decorated with statues, the walls of the apartments brilliantly painted, presented only a windowless surface to the passer-by in former times. The family life was all turned toward the heart of the home.

The luxuriant public baths with their hot water pipes, mosaic floors, and highly decorated interiors, attest to much external cleanliness, united with luxury in obtaining it on the part of the inhabitants. A temple to Isis, to Hercules, to Venus, a covered and an uncovered amphitheatre, tell of the worship and the games of the people.

Many shops for the grinding of colors account for the quantity used everywhere. Given a slender white

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fluted pillar, a thing of beauty under the blue Italian sky, and the spoiled taste of the Pompeian artist was not satisfied. He filled the lower part of the column with stucco until it presented a smooth surface, and then painted it a brilliant purple, red, or yellow, which no volcanic action has ever been able to dim, and which no artist's palette of to-day can match for intensity and depth of hue.

Some time before going to Europe I made the acquaintance of Signor Prima Vera, an Italian artist. In examining his portfolio once I noticed a sketch of some Pompeian pillars colored as I have tried to describe, and asked him whether he had not exaggerated. His reply was that his work was not brilliant enough. I did not quite believe the statement, and when at Pompeii I made an effort to find "Prima Vera's pillars." I succeeded, and upon returning I informed the artist he had told the truth. Painters enjoy such verifications.

In every chink and crevice of Pompeii there grow long fronds of maiden-hair fern, and bunches of honey-sweet alyssum. Wherever there is the slightest rooting place these two tenderest of earth's children flourish. The well that was sunk, but which yielded no water, is surrounded by a wire netting, and its depths are full of pale waving green and shining white.

In the centre of a square where four streets meet stands a marble goddess. The sun and wind and rain

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have tanned her until she gleams like a pale yellow daffodil in the moonlight. Her abundant hair is bound with Grecian fillets, her curving lips are parted in a smile of welcome, and centuries ago fair water flowed from them and tinkled musically into a semi-circular basin fastened to her slender waist. On the wide rim of this basin there is the deep impress of a human hand, made by the brown palms of the myriads who thus steadied themselves, while leaning forward to touch the marble mouth, and quench their thirst.

As the crimson cheeks, full of rich southern blood, pressed the cool white cheek of the statue, the hard stone was gradually worn away until at last the face of the image became almost spectrally transparent on one side.

The shape of the hand on the edge of the bowl, the right cheek that had parted with its classic contour, were mutely eloquent witnesses that the Pompeians had loved the marble woman, and had lived much in her presence. They surely had reason to bless her many times, for she gave them the best she had, and "angels could no more."

How stirring the life must have been in the square, when the water flowed from the dainty mouth of the goddess, singing of its home on the mountain-top, and sparkling into the basin with many a pleasant splash!

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How forlorn and deserted everything appears about her to-day! She seems to ask:

"Where are the friends who once trooped around me, who hung about my neck and kissed my lips until they were almost warmed into life? Where are the poets, the orators, the musicians, the artists, the warriors, who passed me day after day? Where are the slim-waisted, light-footed, brown-eyed women, the dark-skinned, high-spirited men, who came to me, and whispered to one another their stories, under the stars, never dreaming that I heard and could remember? Where is all the love and all the hate, the laughter and the tears, the pleasure and the pain, that floated about me, as the children of the south confided to me their passionate secrets?

"I am tired, so tired of standing and waiting for the love that once was mine, that will never be mine again. I have nothing to give now but a sigh. Even the birds come no more and sing to me as they once did, for my basin is empty. They fly away to the sea and dip their dusty wings in its cooling depths.

"How glad was I when I heard the sound of the human voice again, as little by little men freed me from my long imprisonment! How carefully they worked for fear of hurting me, and when I stood forth revealed in all my glory once more, they praised me and said I was an antique and very beautiful. They raised my body

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from the dead, but they have never found my soul, my living, invigorating soul, that came to me fresh from heaven, and streamed from my lips a joyful hymn of praise to all the gods.

"Men and women do not long for me as in the old days, and I have grown cold and hard like the rest of the world. Nevermore shall I sing to Greek, or Roman, or Christian —

"'I love thee, and I feel
That in the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee.'"

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Thick-rushing, like an ocean vast
Of bisons, the far prairie shaking,
The notes crowd heavily and fast
As surfs, one plunging while the last
Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
Rising and rising momently,
As o'er a harp Æolian
A fitful breeze, until they ran
Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
Ringing in water silverly,
They lingered, dropped, and dropped again,
Till it was almost like a pain
To listen when the next would be.

— LOWELL.

ALL travelers to Pompeii go to the "Schweizerhof," so called because kept by a Swiss, whose name in inverse order, Item Vinzensio, appears on all his table-ware, on every plate, cup, and saucer, and on all available places about the hotel. Upon inquiry, we found that in the neighboring town of Valle di Pompei there was a church begun about fifteen years before that contained a very fine organ, presided over by an organist who understood his instrument. Item Vinzensio's son, a young man about twenty-two years of age, possessing

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not a trace of his father, but who was the image of his Italian mother, very courteously offered to drive to the church with us after six o'clock dinner, promising to use his influence in securing some fine music. Vesuvius had oppressed us all day, for it dominates the landscape at Pompeii, and seems in its nearness like an avenging spirit. We were glad to turn our backs upon it for a time and forget it.

The drive in the twilight was very refreshing, and Signor Item added to our pleasure by pointing out many objects of interest by the way, speaking German with a curious mixture of Italian endings and Swiss gutturals.

Arrived at our destination, we found it consisted of some poor-looking houses, an inn, and a church that did not promise much from the outside. Entering, we were agreeably surprised to find a basilica with transept and apse, many beautiful marbles, and some fine mosaics. The mural paintings were inartistic and not worthy a second glance.

Signor Item asked us for our cards, and said he would call for the organist who lived close by the church. He was gone some time, and I had an opportunity to look around. The worshippers were few, mostly poor old women, who knelt about in corners, said a few "*Aves*," and went out. Near me, however, was an interesting group. Four women, evidently farmers' wives,

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who had come to the little village with baskets of vegetables, taking back home purchases dear to their hearts, were kneeling before little cheap chairs. After their devotions were over, they seated themselves, drew comfortably together, examined one another's bargains, critically arranged their aprons, smoothed their glossy hair, adjusted their bright handkerchiefs about their necks, rolled up their gay umbrellas, and then, with the sign of the cross and a courtesy to the altar gleaming with myriads of tiny tapers, they departed. I was lost in moralizing on the ratio of the poverty of the people to the riches of the church, when I heard a violin so gently pianissimo it might have been Paganini playing on a single string. Imperceptibly the tone increased, other instruments added themselves to it, until finally the whole concord broke in one sublime crash over our heads and floated far up into the duomo, where angels were trumpeting forth praises to the Lord. Slowly the notes died away, but the last one was caught up by the organ and lived again in a flute so lightly breathed upon, it seemed the song of Israfil, "who has the most melodious voice of all God's creatures." It, too, gathered strength, harmony was added to harmony, and once more came that wonderful climax, that soared up to the vaulted ceiling, and would have spread itself over the sky, had there been an opening in the rounded roof.

Then came a curiously plaintive melody that sounded

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like the partly suppressed cry of a soul in pain, or the utterance of a human being's longing for the unattainable; and again the organ thundered out tumultuous billows of Miriam-like triumph that swept the listener far out of himself into the boundless realm of imagination where all things are possible.

The music made me inexpressibly sad. There was an element in it I did not quite understand. I knew that the organist was improvising, that he thoroughly understood his noble instrument and that he loved it. I could not see him and I thought he might be a monk letting his yearning for joys that could never be his, slip through his fingers, his only means for such speech. How long it lasted I cannot say, but I was both sorry and glad when it was over. The *finale* was a gentle pathetic strain of melodious resignation.

Josephus asked our guide what we ought to offer the organist. To his astonishment, and my secret delight, Signor Item responded: "Nothing." My husband was surprised, because it was the first time in Italy he had received such an answer to such a question. I was glad, for money never could pay for such music. As we went to the carriage I made the remark: "We ought at least to say thank you." The two men turned back at once. The musician had already descended from the organ loft, and stood in a narrow doorway near the main entrance of the church, where I caught a glimpse

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of him. He was not a monk, but rather a fine specimen of an Italian, somewhat taller than the average.

Josephus expressed his pleasure at hearing such marvelous music, and thanked the organist, who said he was always glad to play for any who were kind enough to listen. After a few more pleasant words my husband stretched out his hand to say "good-bye." The musician did not respond. Signor Item whispered something in his friend's ear, when out came that wonderfully trained right hand at once, and with cordial greetings the men parted.

Coming back to us, Josephus asked an explanation of the tardy shaking of hands. "He could not see you," answered our guide, "for he is totally blind." Then I understood the music.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

—And half in waking
And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ
The Saviour of man.
In streaming and snowy garment
He wandered giant great,
Over land and sea;
His head reached high to the heavens,
His hands he stretched out in blessing
Over land and sea,
And as a heart in his bosom,
Bore he the sun.
The sun all ruddy and flaming,
And the ruddy and flaming sunny heart
Shed its beams of mercy,
And its beauteous bliss-giving light,
Lighting and warming
Over land and sea.

—HEINE.

THE temple of Neptune at Pæstum startles one into the thought that the Greeks really believed in their god of the sea, else why erect such a glorious house of worship to his name. Sitting on the steps leading from it one can see a thin semi-circle of water. It is the Mediterranean, and one wonders whether the configuration of the land has not changed, and whether the temple was not originally built at the water's edge. We lingered about its beautiful Doric columns, whose fluted beauty was all unharmed by any save nature's dyes, gathered acan-

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thus leaves and blue gentian, watched the lizards slip in and out of the warm pedestals that held the pillars in place, and waited to see the sun set in the west.

Just above the rim of the sea there rested a mass of cloud that looked like a great silver bowl. The upper edge of it was unevenly indented, and all these ornamental curves gleamed with gold. In the centre of the bowl's side there was a rift that took the form of a heart, and suddenly the sun appeared in it shining like a giant gem in this masterpiece of the great Artificer. Gradually the bowl became brighter, its edges more exquisitely outlined, and hanging suspended in the sky, it was of surpassing beauty for many minutes. The tiny strip of water below sent up a crimson reflection, while the earth about it gleamed red and pink for acres.

One who has long watched the cloud shapes in Italy can readily believe the story of Constantine and the Cross.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

> Far through the memory shines a happy day,
> Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense,
> And simply perfect through its own resource.
> — LOWELL.

THE memory of Amalfi is like an ever-recurring strain of magic music that goes singing through the brain, is seemingly forgotten, and then steals back again, suddenly, unexpectedly, its haunting persistency filling one with a longing for what one may not have that is almost maddening.

It is, too, like a picture, all blue and white and shades of green and gray, shining through an atmosphere of gold, whose rare and luminous beauty neither time nor distance can diminish.

Once Amalfi was a powerful naval station, and its people, a fierce and warlike race, were feared and dreaded all along the coast. To-day it is a fishing village, lying so quietly and so serenely in the sunshine that it seems like a bit of mosaic right out of the Middle Ages. "The unvexed loiterer by the world's green ways," and the vexed one, too, loves it at once and forever.

The yellow beach as we saw it was covered with stout

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fishing-boats, and with men sitting cross-legged mending their nets, while children tumbled about on the sand or ran races knee-deep into the sea.

Winding in and out of the stony streets was a procession of boys in black dresses and white lace jackets, carrying silken banners, and chanting a tender hymn to the Virgin.

To reach the Cappuccini Hotel we climbed long winding flights of rust-yellow stone stairs; old stairs they were, full of hollows made by the many weary feet that had climbed for centuries before us, for the house to which we were going had once been a monastery. It was perched high above the world — on the edge of a rock—and could look down upon its storms and buffetings, like a glorious archangel, serene and strong, holding himself aloof from sin, but ready at all times to cherish and protect the sinner.

Our rooms were formerly monks' cells. Snow white were walls and floors, beds and hangings, a jar of brilliant pink fuchias, the one radiant spot of color. Swallows flew down from the convent roof and whirred past with their sharp little cry. An eagle soared on steady wing high up in the air. Three hundred feet below us sparkled the sea. A felucca, with its two lateen sails spanned to the breeze, sped away toward the Salernian mountains steeped in a violet mist, which gave one the much-loved far horizon.

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The stillness that could almost be heard, the opportunity to come "face to face with one's self at last," the sense of absolute peace, helped one to realize why monasteries were always built on some such elevated spot.

Here emperors, kings, courtiers, soldiers, and men of letters, worn out in body and mind, found refuge. Time for rest, for meditation, for study, was sought by some, all learned to work and to pray, and the convent door, like the church door, was never shut against any who sought for admission.

The cloister garden is a curious old place. The walks are divided by pillars all overgrown with tiny plants and pretty mosses. On the stone wall hangs a picture. Two Roman soldiers clad in heavy armor hold a woman by the wrists. She is a dream of loveliness, purely Greek in feature, with hair "the color of ripe corn" growing away from a low white forehead and floating like a diaphanous veil behind her. One can almost fancy the wind is blowing it. Strings of pearls are coiled about her head. Her yellow dress hangs from the shoulders in classic folds, and also swings out backwards. Scarlet sandals protect her feet, and are fastened about the graceful ankles by scarlet leather thongs, that accentuate the whiteness of the skin they touch.

From the position of the hair and dress the soldiers had evidently forced their prisoner to run. In her face

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is a curious mingling of fear of the rude men who hurt her, of the utmost astonishment at Christ, into whose presence she has been hurried, because he does not condemn her, and scorn for the long-bearded, malignant Jews standing near, because not one dares cast the first stone at her!

The painting is somewhat faded from exposure, but the figure of the woman glows with all the fire of a Titian or a Paolo Veronese, and once seen can never be forgotten. Especially impressive is it in the place where it hangs.

The garden proper, the work of the monks, is a remarkable spot. Overlooking the sea is a walk bordered with white columns, connected at the top by a *pergola* covered with vines. The walk is a long one, and its charming perspective ends in a steep green mountain-slope. The columns rest on stone walls, and these are softened by a thick covering of moss into delightful resting-places. Here one can sit and watch the shadows flit over the water, rise up over the hills, and disappear on the farther side to delight some other lover of the beautiful. Or one can turn and see luxuriant nasturtiums, rows of tall flowering yucca, whose myriads of pendulous white bells ring out tiny songs of perfume, and the never-failing orange and lemon trees, all planted and tended by bare-footed, brown-coated monks in the days before they were dispersed.

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An American must feel at home at once in their former scriptorium. On its walls hangs a fine portrait of Longfellow, and next to it his poem on Amalfi, in English and Italian. The poet's hair is white in the picture; it was brown when, in all the strength of youthful enthusiasm, he first saw Italy. The last verse of the poem well expresses the two periods of his life:

> "Walled about with drifts of snow,
> Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
> Seeing all the landscape white
> And the river cased in ice,
> Comes this memory of delight,
> Comes this vision unto me
> Of a long-lost Paradise,
> In the land beyond the sea."

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming-time.
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers.
This floral queen in its blooming seen
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.
— HARRY HARBAUGH.

IT was late in the afternoon when we reached Sorrento. Our driver, proud of his three spirited horses, harnessed abreast, and his really fine landau, cracked his long whip, and clattered over the stony streets of the town, which is a very long one, and people ran to the doors and put their heads out of the windows at the unusual noise we made.

The Hotel Vittoria was reached from the street by a long *allée*, bordered on either side by orange and lemon trees alternating with tall rose bushes; the former starred with white and pink blossoms, their glossy branches hung with fruit in all stages, from the hard green berry through every shade of growing yellow to the perfected type, and the latter, pyramids of flaming

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red fragrance. Whoever arranged the driveway had a sensitive eye for color effect, especially when seen in such superb masses. A brilliant parrot, fastened by a silver chain to a wooden stake, and several flamingoes stalking about, added pleasing variations to the tropical luxuriance of hues.

Our rooms were on the first floor, and their long windows opened upon a broad balcony, inlaid with blue and white tiles. In front of this was a garden shaped like an immense horseshoe. Its chief charms were wide-spreading palms, rows of aloes, and beds of pansies, which, "like the souls of the just, impart their greatest fragrance toward the evening," and fretted one's olfactory nerves with thoughts of home.

The garden followed the formation of the rock upon which it was planted, and this rock stood sheer out of the sea, singing its vesper song far below. The setting sun, a ball of fire without a single ray to spoil its spherical grandeur, dashed with pink, Vesuvius' lordly feather, and flung out phosphorescent banners over the sky. It was an hour when harmony and beauty reigned supreme, and which held the watcher entranced until he could faintly realize how "the light that never was on sea or land" might one day shine.

Dinner over, the guests of the hotel lounged in the garden, promenaded, or gathered about tiny tables to

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drink their coffee, while from a boat moored against the water-steps floated up faint strains of a mandolin. A Russian countess, who was dressed in white India silk and blazed with jewels, had three or four waiters dancing attendance upon her, as she was difficult to suit in the kind of *liqueur* she used to spoil her coffee. Walking in and out amongst the flower-beds was an army officer, very dark and very haughty, not quite as tall as he would like to have been, accompanied by his blonde wife, whose shoulders came above her husband's. It was a union of North and South Germany. Both indulged in cigarettes and both expelled the smoke from their nostrils, the pansies holding their souls in sacred seclusion as the couple swept by.

A German scientist has made the statement that similarity of hair, eyes, and complexion attracts men and women much more frequently than they are aware of, bidding his readers think of their married friends in confirmation of his theory that blondes prefer blondes and brunettes brunettes. He adds, that when opposite types marry it is frequently something besides love that unites them. I fancied the two in the garden at Sorrento belonged to this latter class, she marrying for epaulettes, he for money. They seldom spoke to each other, and both were arrogant in the extreme. They certainly would never remind one of "Plato's beautiful phantasy, that their souls had once been a portion of

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the stars, that they were attracted to each other because they drew their original light from the same orb, and that they had simply renewed their former union."

There was also a pretty young English bride and her boyish husband, surrounded by a flock of bridesmaids, watched over by a matronly chaperone. The young girls, as they flitted about, looked like butterflies with their dainty dresses of pink, blue, white, and primrose, and added much to the beauty of the scene.

While at Sorrento we frequently noticed an Italian whose constant companion was a little red-covered note-book, which he studied with a great deal of assiduity. From time to time he consulted a pocket dictionary and made corrections in his book afterwards. We met him so frequently that we were very sure it was not accidental, and were confirmed in our suspicion when he introduced himself one day, his card reading, "Guido Cavalcanti, Milano." We attracted him because we were Americans, he being perfectly infatuated with the English language. To become master of it he had shown the greatest patience and made the most heroic efforts. As he remarked, in his great desire to know our language "he began to copy the dictionary itself, but without avail, for he remembered very little of the heap of nouns, verbs, adverbs, and so forth, which passed before his eyes like waves, mounting one

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upon another, and producing what is named confusion."

I must confess that I found additional beauties in my native tongue as the Italian pronounced it. His melodious voice gave to vowels and consonants a new significance, and grammatical errors were forgotten.

His note-book was full of anecdotes which he had translated from Italian newspapers, and two which he was especially interested in, and about which he wished information, he read to us as follows:

"THE AMERICAN STANDARD.

"To whom must be given the honor of having conceived the stars and stripes of the American standard? This was a question which embarrassed not a little the learned men. Many volumes were written on the matter, because the species of these men that strive to seek the sure meaning of a verse of Dante or Columbus' native country or the reality of Shakespeare's existence, and other questions, is not yet disappeared from the face of the earth. On the contrary.

"It seems, however, that for what concerns the Union American's standard the problem is solved. The inventor of this emblem would be a Dane, a certain Marker that lived in Philadelphia in the year 1775. Devoted to his adopted country as a son, he was one of those that formed the first company of volunteers in order to sustain the cause of American independence.

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"His valor and natural talent brought him very soon at the command of that company. It was then that he devised to give to his companions and followers a standard, upon which he drew just thirteen stars, as many as were at that time the Union States.

"And that standard, the ancestor of the American ensigns, is still existing, and the precious relic is religiously conserved."

The next one was on a less patriotic theme, and was called:

"THE CLERK'S EXQUISITE DELICACY.

"Mr. Armoor, the proprietor of the renowned firm Armoor of Chicago, that produces the notorious excellent 'Extract of Beef,' and that employs nearly eleven thousand persons, is a man of extraordinary activity, and he is the first to go to office.

"But one morning he found that a clerk accountant (book-keeper) was at work before him. Armoor called that zealous youth, examined him, and gave him order to get a beautiful dress at the expense of the firm, as a reward for the attachment to his chief's affairs. At the end of the month, among the accounts that Armoor was accustomed to examine, he did not find the price of the dress bestowed on the zealous clerk.

"Astonished, he questioned the young man. This replied that he had not deserved the gift, because he went not spontaneously to office early in the morning;

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but having passed the nights in revels he had not had the courage to go to bed for a couple of hours, and had preferred to go directly to work.

"Mr. Armoor heartily laughed at his clerk's scruple, and prizing his honesty and nobility of soul, immediately created him one of his principal employés in the large firm, pride of the town of Chicago."

Guido Cavalcanti's disappointment was very keen when we told him we could not vouch for the truth of the last story. We comforted him by promising to inform him if more light on the subject ever fell upon us. The conversation now drifted to personal adornment, and the little red book was once more referred to. This time it was an extract from some Italian novel, thus translated:

"One day I found myself involved in a serious discussion about ear-rings worn by women. Some one declared that ear-rings are not an ornament because they don't accomplish the visage, no more than a ring through the nose, at the Moorish fashion. To this he added that the perforation of child's ears, was a barbarous performance which civilized peoples ought to have banished from their customs. He only admitted that a true womanish finery was the bracelet or the necklace.

"I observed that he was partly right, but that not considering for a moment the elementary and surgical

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operation above mentioned,—which I think is for children no more painful than a prick of a fly — no one could deny that ear-rings prink the woman's head both for the value of the wrought metal of which they are composed and for their symmetrical placing. 'But,' said my opponent, 'what a foolish superstition do the common people hold, that ears' piercing preserve the boys from eye's ache!'"

It was now in order to ask the Italian what he had read in English. He answered that he was familiar with the works of G. Chaucer, R. Ascham, L. Sterne, W. Shakespeare, and W. Scott. He was just then engaged in reading "Romola" by G. Eliot, and was very much astonished to find that the latter was a woman. He had a funny habit of saying, "Quoth I" and "I trow," which was no doubt a result of too much G. Chaucer and R. Ascham.

During the middle of the day two girls sat together in the garden, one the little mistress, the other her little maid. The former was a French child, convalescing from an illness contracted while in a convent at Rome; her name was Alix. The latter was Italian, and was called Maria. Occasionally a tall stern-looking man, Alix's father, would come out of the hotel, say a few words in rather an authoritative tone, and then go

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away. After his departure the children were always very quiet, and it was during one of these times that I made their acquaintance.

Alix had no mother; she was being educated at Rome and was destined to be a nun. She was about fourteen years old, but seemed much older, being more serious in her manner than many girls twice her age. She was too pale to be pretty, her one beauty being some soft brown curls, two of which were taken away from either side of her oval face and tied on top of her head with a scarlet ribbon. Her gray eyes, shaded by thick lashes, had a look in them that haunted me for days. At first she was rather shy when I approached her, but her bashfulness wore away when I questioned her about Rome. One day she said:

"Madame, think you not that Bernini's 'Pietà' in the crypt at San Giovanni in Laterano is much more fine than that of Michel Ange at San Pietro?"

I replied by asking a question, too:

"Do you not think that the soft lamp-light always falling over Bernini's statue makes you love it more?"

She thought for a moment or two, and then said:

"*Mais Madame*, once I went to San Pietro with my father and some artists, *les grands artists français*, and they have criticised *sévèrement, oui, sévèrement*" — here she shook her curls for emphasis — "the head of *la madone*."

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"Did these great artists ever do anything as noble as the Madonna's head themselves?" I asked.

"Oh," Alix replied, "they made the things like this," and the child stood on the toe of one foot and pirouetted around until one might almost have fancied that a *maître de ballet* belonged to the corps of teachers at the convent where she was being taught. Maria anxiously watched the hotel door during the dancing, and Alix quieted down suddenly at a word from her maid.

Then I told them both the story, already repeated, of Angelo's carving his name on the Madonna's girdle. Curiously enough, Alix had never heard it before, and she pondered over the recital some time. Finally she said:

"Madame, I think it must have been the light of the lamp on Bernini's Pietà that made that it looked so beautiful. I will think as you do. Michel Ange he understood best."

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CHAPTER XXX.

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me —
(When fortune's malice
Lost her, Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!
— BROWNING.

WITH a fervent "au revoir" to the gentle Alix, whom we had learned to love, and accompanied by the amiable and erudite Guido Cavalcanti, who waved us farewell from the foot of the long staircase travelers descend to reach the landing, we sailed past the rocky sides of Sorrento. Again the sun shone "a rose in the heavens," again a "harmony of divine odors" followed our white sails, again the waves were musical with the deepest blue. Every moment was full of regretful delight, for it was our last ride on the Midland Sea.

Far away to the south gleamed Inarimé. We could almost see the lavender tinted Pithæcusa in the rose garden. Fairy Capri seemed by some trick of the senses, or by some effect of the light upon the water, to hang suspended in the air. The distant hills, with all their harmonious curves outlined in a silver mist, faded from

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our sight so gradually, we parted with them scarcely realizing that they were gone. Once more at Naples we took the train for Florence, and although we caught glimpses of the sea now and then, Italy's fascinating shores were ours thenceforth only in the mirror of memory.

More than a year has passed, and I feel toward Italy as one does who has lost a friend. Her virtues are remembered with ever-increasing reverence, her faults are forgotten. I feel too that Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Ischia, Pompeii, Pæstum, Salerno, Amalfi, Sorrento, tied together by the string of remembrance and fastened to the written page, are like flowers a traveler has plucked from some favorite places, twining them with the blue ribbon of love and laying them away between the leaves of a book.

Months after, when the volume is accidentally opened the blossoms fall out. If they meet the eye of a stranger they are to him just a faded bouquet tied with a faded ribbon. Here and there a petal, or a thread of the silk protected by a fold, may retain some of its former beauty, but there is little meaning in the whole to any but to the one who arranged it.

He, however, sees beyond the simple withered texture of his flowers to the brilliant colors they once possessed, as in an instant of time his thought rides seven

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times around the world on a ray of light. On its shining track he goes, over the land and over the water and over the land again, to the very verge of that sea where his blue gentian curled its fringe-like edge, up the mountain slope, a mass of dipping coronilla burnished like the sun, down to the shadowy vale where waved the feathery fern, onward to a hero's grave sweet with mignonette, or all crowned with glistening wreaths of laurel.

Thus for the traveler the flowers never die. If in speaking of them he can impart a portion of his own pleasure, the mission of his treasure is fulfilled. In pressing one end of the ribbon that holds it together, the warmth of the palm will bring out the otherwise invisible words:

"*Addio, mia bella Italia.*"

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